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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; Without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

WHOLE No. 1478.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JULY 7, 1880.

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Contributions.

The Mountains to the Valleys—Greeting.

We doubt if any part of California has made greater improvement for the past few years in all that pertains to a civilized, settled, permanent community than the lower portion of Placer county. The special occasion for this is the advantage it possesses from its connection with the transcontinental railroad. In this region and near the road are the most valuable and extensive granite quarries on the Pacific coast. They afford regular employment to hundreds of men who are fortunate in securing the positions. But the most important improvements are in the line of agriculture; largely in small and large fruits. The soil is a very coarse, loose, dry, disintegrated granite, long thought almost worthless, except in the depressions and small valleys. But with proper irrigation, more especially with a little manure, this loose soil proves remarkably adapted to the raising of all kinds of fruits; while in vegetables, grains and grass the yield is equal to those of the average farming lands of the state. Already scores on scores and hundreds of acres, if not thousands, are covered with raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and strawberries, trained in rows, near set and winding with the inequalities of the surface to admit of irrigation, in a manner most pleasantly varied and beautiful. Larger fruits, such as cherries, plums, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, and even oranges, grow rapidly and yield large crops of best quality and taste. The railroad affords the greatest advantage possible for putting these fruits into the best markets and at the most favorable seasons.

This whole region, from Roseville to above Auburn for about twenty-five miles, is included in the Warm Belt of the Sierras, so called because at this height the currents of air are such that less frost is here found than at a lower or higher altitude. The central portion of this belt is near Newcastle, where some years strawberries have yielded through the whole twelve months without being killed by the cold. A large experiment in the raising of oranges in this region is being made seven miles south, a little west of Newcastle, where twenty-seven thousand vigorous young trees have been this spring set out on one ranch.

All that is wanted for this whole region to make it flourish as one vast garden, is an abundance of water. The Bear River ditch affords all that is necessary at present, yet vast portions of the region are yet uncultivated, though all are claimed under some good title. Good buildings, well painted and embowered in trees, supplied within and without with all the real niceties and comforts of civilization, fair, Christian-like homes, are increasing through the region, though, indeed, many old shakely dwellings are yet to be found.

The towns in this belt are Roseville, Rocklin, Pino, Pinegrove, Penryn, Newcastle, Ophir and Auburn. These places, excepting one, are decidedly improving by the gradual putting up of finer buildings, and by other accompanying changes for the better. Auburn is the first of them all in these improvements, and bids fair to be and ever remain the finest town on the railroad between Sacramento and the Summit. Some seven miles north of Auburn is a new village, with excellent prospects, rapidly building up, where a hundred and fifty thousand dollars are being laid out in a superior furnace for the smelting of iron from an immense deposit of rich ore. It is an enterprise of very great importance, and wealthy capitalists of the Bay are leading it, believing it will prove a decided success.

In this region, among these town, and indeed through all the mountains, there is a fearful destitution of direct moral and religious influence. Rocklin, Ophir and Auburn alone have one church building, the first Congregational and the other two Methodist, but of pastors or ministers there is only one, with residence at Auburn, supplying also Ophir, and one supernumerary minister supplying at his own charges Newcastle. In the upper part of the county, through the great mining regions, there is one minister—Methodist—at Colfax and one at Dutch Flat; the Congregational minister of the last place having just left. Three lone Methodist ministers for a whole county, often with congregations astonishingly small. The Sabbath is becoming a day of labor, dissipation and visiting, in violation of the law of God, and the pecuniary, intellectual and moral wants of man.

There is no real standard of morals for any people other than their religion; and in America this alone is Christianity. But there can be no effectual Christianity without a Scriptural, holy Sabbath. Without this, Christianity exists only in name, and the standard of morality is abandoned, so that vice and degradation gradually become common. The tendency to this degradation is very practically evident all along the railroad, and more slowly elsewhere. Without a Sabbath, regarded as holy to the Lord, moral and spiritual ruin is certain. How a change is to be effected for the better we do not see. Humanly speaking, the prospects are very unfavorable indeed. If professing Chris-

tians and ministers would stand firm for the truth, perhaps a victory for the truth would be secured. But when the practical sentiment of Christians is that they have a right to work all the holy Sabbath or else men will not employ them, and ministers preach mildly Sunday evenings to large congregations of those who have stayed away from all Christian observances during the day, we see little hope of a true, genuine, Bible work being done for this region.

The command for the Sabbath in the word of God is as positive as the command against murder, and based on a necessity in the nature of man, and both are directly obligatory. The enemies of the Bible see this, and all the openly vicious know it; hence they seek to break down this ordinance of God, for in no other way can they prevent the closing up of the flood-gates of wickedness. The holy Sabbath is necessary to the cause of genuine morality and vital Christianity, and the Christian who will work on that day through fear of losing his employment is surely one who, it seems, would desert his Master for thirty pieces of money, if not betray him. S. V. B.

[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Some Sand-Lot Problems.

Blind people cannot see Mount Diablo, but it is there day and night just the same. There is a mountain of iniquity much more conspicuous in any part of California, which the morally blind do not desire to be asked to see. There is one gigantic factor of evil which prevents and prohibits the success of every good and honest interest in the state, and it will not be difficult to prove that there never has been any other serious obstacle to the most complete prosperity of California, or one that had a heavier weight in comparison with this. It is the source and fountain of every complaint of the sand-lot, and of the W. P. C., and of every other class of dissatisfied people; but they don't want to see it.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

In the settlement of this state there was no toiling, weary struggle with the customary poverty and difficulties of a new country. Boundless golden wealth was here stored up ready to the hand in places, pockets and bonanzas, and the most fertile valleys of the world were here a continuous garden ready for the plow. No such opportunity was ever presented to any people to become in a few years a vigorous rival of the great banking centers of the world. And there was no natural obstacle in the way. The state is said to have exported 1,620 millions of the precious metal, and to continue an annual export of more than sixty millions of merchandise and treasure. With all this surplus and the income from our agriculture, industries and commerce, we could not ask for any more abundant means for the most pious and prosperous and the most rapid progress to a position of the highest eminence in wealth and power.

THE ENEMY.

But with the pioneers came the gro-shop and the gambling table. They have always been and still are among the first to reach a new mining strike, or at the starting of a new town or village. Their arrival has always signaled the capture of the camp for Satan, and these agencies of the pit have, every night and Sunday, filched the product of their daily toil from the miners and workers in every mill and workshop and field and farm. This money ought to have been employed (and would otherwise) in the purchase of farms and homes, to build dwellings, stores, and towns and cities. Thus the banditti of the saloon have not only rendered their dupes and victims unable to add a brick or shingle to the property of the state or to patronize any worthy interest, but they have thrown them, a tax and a burden, upon sober, honest industry. The daily record of crime, murder, suicide, robbery, divorce and untimely death is only a small part of the bill of fare furnished by the saloon. We furnish criminal and police courts, prisons, asylums, hospitals, etc., to warehouse the manufactures of the saloon. It bankrupts or pauperizes every honest business; drives the sober, honest settler from the state, and invites the tramp, gambler and ruffian to take his vacant place.

SEVEN HUNDRED MILLIONS.

Had the drink-den nuisance been destroyed in California twenty years ago, the same workers of the state who have employed their earnings in the promotion of vice and ruin and pauperism could have lived much more happily, could have had better food, clothes and lodgings, could have used ten to fifteen millions a year in the purchase of homes and properties, and could have laid by twenty millions every year for a W. P. C. bank fund, which, at only five per cent. a year, would now have accumulated to seven hundred and twelve millions. All this out of the wages they have squandered in twenty years for drink. They could as well as not have owned the C. P. R. R. and all the banks of the state.

MORE PROBLEMS.

If California, with all her splendid opportunities and the grog sop, has done no better, could we ever do better with larger opportunities and the same or more drinking and gambling facilities? As it takes

about all the earnings of twelve or fifteen men to maintain one saloon, and as there are in San Francisco only twelve voters to each saloon, and in the state fifteen voters and property creators for each saloon, it is an interesting puzzle to figure out how and by whom any other business besides that of selling liquor and tobacco is going to be supported in future. One answer to this is that honest businesses are always closing up and saloons and beer dives taking their places. And if we permit this wretched leprosy of rum to continue to prey upon our working classes and starve the poor, how long will it be before the sand-lot, smothered for a time, but still no less wronged and plundered by the liquor trade with the consent of the people, will again break out and perhaps wreak a terrible vengeance on those whom it believes to be its oppressors? A. D. W.

Vallejo, June 26, 1880.

From Monterey.

MONTEREY, July 3, 1880.

EDITORS PACIFIC: It is strange you could not tear yourself away from the editorial sanctum for a visit to the classic groves of Monterey! I have a mind to read you a lecture on the duties of an editor; but for fear of exposing my ignorance I shall desist. You want a report of the Sunday-school Convention? Well, then, here goes:

The trip down, by rail, was peculiar to California, as respects diversification of climate. I did not count the changes through which passed, but thus much I can now distinctly remember: Leaving San Francisco under the chilling pressure of a drizzling fog, we struggled into unobstructed sunlight along by San Mateo. Passing the inviting shades and blooming gardens of Menlo Park, the perfection of climate, we began to feel the arrows of Sol on reaching San Jose, and by the time Gilroy came in sight the temperature began to remind us of an oven not quite as hot as that one on the plains of Duran. Turning into the valley of the Pajaro, a whiff from the ocean comes to our sweltering bodies, so refreshingly! Here is change No. 4, with several shades in between. Now, on the banks of the Salinas, the gray curtains of the Pacific are quickly drawn over the face of the sky, and we enter Monterey in the fog. Change 5 and last. That ride of five hours presented a panorama of a whole life-time. But we cannot stop to dress up and elaborate the figure. This trip, so enjoyable with companions from every point of the ecclesiastical compass, bound for the Pacific Grove Retreat, where Christians don't know where they belong, to what church—being in a fog—occurred on the 1st of July, the day on which the State Sunday-school Convention was published to commence.

We found the "Grove" quite lively with about 300 visitors, and now fresh arrivals coming in for the Convention. As a committee man, we began to inquire about the tent for our meetings. Well, it was soon found, and gave us extreme pleasure to view its ample proportions, furnished with seats, platform and pulpit. Well, that meant no more shivering under the pine-trees, as one year ago. We were all delighted, and many thanks—personal thanks—to the S. P. R. R. Co., with our active and generous friend, David Jacks Esq. of Monterey.

The Convention opened in the evening, a few minutes after 7 o'clock, with praise service, led by Mr. Wm. Hervey of San Jose, who conducts the singing for the convention and C. L. S. C. Assembly. The President of the State Association delivered the Address of Welcome, and concluded by nominating Rev. Dr. M. C. Briggs of San Francisco Chairman of the Convention. The nomination was confirmed by a hearty and unanimous vote. After a word or two on taking the Chair, Dr. Briggs introduced Rev. Dr. Howard Henderson, who gave an excellent and well-prepared address on "One Hundred Years of Sunday-school Work." The attendance on this the first evening was better than we anticipated; hence, all were agreeably disappointed.

The second day opened by religious exercises, conducted by the Chairman. Then came the reports of county organizations, to which there were some additions during the year. The work is growing slowly in the state. It is hoped during the coming year that many more organizations may swell the number already in operation. The Secretary of the Executive Committee, Rev. H. H. Rice, Sacramento, Cal., has circulars giving directions for county and district organizations, and will be glad to furnish the same to any one making application.

At 10 o'clock Friday morning the convention heard, with great pleasure, an address by Rev. R. McKenzie, San Francisco, on "Special Methods of Temperance Sunday-school Instruction." He "begs nobody's pardon," but speaks right out for total abstinence from the cradle. This was followed by Rev. Mr. Gillespie of Mayfield, whose theme was, "Opening and Closing Exercises of the School—Of What Should They Consist?" At 2 p. m. Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind orator, presented, in a masterly manner, "The Influence of Sunday-school Work on Teachers," developing the truth of Scripture: "It is more blessed to give

than to receive." "What are the Teachers Doing from One Sabbath to Another?" got some square knocks from Rev. A. Calhoun, a solid brother from San Jose.

The evening brought together quite a large audience, who listened to a stirring address from Rev. G. H. Wells of Montreal, Canada. Subject: "What Are the Scholars Doing during the Week?" Quite a spicy repartee was here interjected between this brother from Her Majesty's Dominion and our Chairman. With Yankee pluck, the Doctor averred that the North Pole belonged to us. Now came what may be called, without any disparagement to others, a master-piece, in the shape of an essay by Rev. C. C. Stratton, on the "History of the English Bible." It would serve a good purpose in the way of impressing the minds of our people with a more sacred regard for this grand old book could this essay find a place in our religious papers, at least.

Saturday brought a rich portion in the programme, which we cannot any more than mention. Notable in these exercises was an address by Rev. Geo. McCormick of Salinas. Subject: "How to Cultivate the Habit of Systematic Giving." Also a paper by Rev. H. H. Rice of Sacramento, on "The New Seven Years' Course of Sunday-school Lessons." Dr. Willey gave a thoughtful and carefully prepared address on "The Necessity of County and District Organizations throughout the State." The day closed with the discussion of a subject of deep concern, viz., "From the Sunday-school to the Church." Rev. Mr. Bateman of Santa Cruz opened.

Though not present on Sabbath, still I can venture to report an excellent sermon by Rev. M. Willett of San Jose at 11 a. m. With a general meeting in the afternoon at 3 o'clock, the Thirteenth Annual Convention of the State Sunday-school Association closed. It passes into history, but the influence there exerted will go on widening and deepening, like the waves of the sea, within the hearing of which it was held. The Lord bless the Sabbath-schools of California!

Yours, WORKER.

A Summer Afternoon.

Another mile-stone passed. Monday, June 21st, will ever be a pleasant memory to the participants, as a reminder of the olden times when an invitation to tea was not such a rarity as in these modern days of wedding breakfasts, coffee lunches and lawn-evening parties. In anticipation of the eighty-third birthday anniversary of their venerable mother, Mrs. N. P. Smith (whose "Reminiscences of Childhood," written at eighty, for THE PACIFIC, interested the readers), her daughters, with loving hearts and willing hands, made ready for the reception of the ladies in the neighborhood who were "past meridian." Six, whose ages—with Mrs. Smith's added—numbered four hundred years, were gathered, at an early hour, in the spacious home unostentatiously furnished and furnished, not forgetting the "prophet's chamber," a noble tribute of filial love.

The moments passed swiftly in cheerful greetings, social converse and limited study of a superb English engraving of "The noble band of Martyrs and Champions of the Reformation"—with a key of names of the sixty-four figures—painted from the most authentic and reliable sources in England, Scotland, Germany, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands and Bohemia. The size requires one of the widest spaces in the parlor which it will adorn. It came as a surprise, on June 21st, adding another token of the unselfish affection of son and brother. By the blessing of God our aged friend appreciates and enjoys it all, and we trust may for many days to come.

Telegrams from Oakland and a beloved grand-daughter in Cambridge, Mass., with greetings, also remembrances from friends, added to the pleasant incidents of the day, to hostess and guests, whose eyes were bright with pleasure, and voices subdued (in memory of one in her Father's mansion) yet cheerful, in the enjoyment of the hour. Thoughts of other days must have come, when life was bright with hopes. They thus had met in the distant homes of Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, which they represented, when the indispensable knitting work and baby were not neglected, while they discussed the temporal and spiritual welfare of townspeople and country. Then, how little could they imagine their feet would stray so far from homestead and early friends, to this beautiful land of which so little was known or anticipated in the future. Well for us all that we are ignorant of the strange ways in which we are to be led, even if they are pleasant and to be marked with a white stone, as this June day of 1880 surely was; when each chastened heart, in view of the past, could respond,

"Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days."

An ascent to the observatory well repaid the effort. An unobstructed view of "The City of the Straits," with its attractive surroundings, indications of increasing industries, fertile fields and well-appointed homes in the foreground;

"While in the distance, the low sun's lustrous light
On burnished hill-tops, outlined by the golden sky,

The solitary trees standing like sentinels at night."

Gave a finishing touch to the lovely picture that will not soon fade from memory. With blessing invoked, came the early tea "that cheers, but never inebriates," a generously spread table, crowned with the rich birthday cake, and fresh, luscious fruits, was enjoyed by all. Last, the inevitable "good-bys," with kindly words; and, in the "old, old fashion," ere "night had let her curtain drop," all were home with a remembered joy that's never past.

"Thus, when our sun is setting, O may we glide
Like summer evening, down the golden tide;
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight—beams of heaven's
Bright rays."

Benicia, June, 1880.

B. A. M.

The Woman's Board OF THE PACIFIC.

Conducted by a committee: Sarah Edwards Henshaw and Kate Kellogg.

Mrs. Roy's Religious Vacation.

"It is very hard, indeed," said Mrs. Roy, ruefully, to herself. "It is almost cruel," she added, aloud; the tears springing into her eyes, and a bitter feeling into her heart.

A chance observer of Mrs. Roy and her surroundings would have been puzzled to understand how she, or they, could contain so disturbing an element as the progressive unhappiness whose presence these words seemed to indicate. Surely, the artistic tangle of vine and leaf in that rich, soft carpet afforded no shelter for the smallest serpent of discontent. Blight or blemish, in any guise, dare not venture themselves before those pictured lilies on the wall; and the most pigmy demon of dissatisfaction could urge no excuse sufficient for invading even a curtained corner of so faultless an apartment.

Clearly, the source of trouble lay farther, or nearer, than in the furnishings of this pleasant parlor; and since Mrs. Roy herself was too tastefully appareled, and too rosiely fair to be lamenting imperfections of either dress or health, the hardness and cruelty must have existed, necessarily, somewhere quite out of sight. The truth is, that Mrs. Roy was disappointed, and disappointment, in any form, is undeniably vexatious. But, if the plausible light which had coaxed a bud to life, with promises of warmth and unfading bloom, should suddenly turn to permanent darkness around the unopened flower, it could not seem an act of more aggravated and special wrong than this, on the part of fate, toward Mrs. Roy.

She was to have gone to the country—to the country and the sea. The beautiful plan had been arranged, announced, and all but consummated, when this wretched business affair of Mr. Roy's had taken upon itself to develop in such a way that their leaving town was entirely out of the question; and though, at breakfast that morning, Mrs. Roy had bravely declared that "It did not matter so very much," and, "She did not specially care, after all," these were words for the time being only. By afternoon she had found a way to the very climax of regret. It was not unnatural either.

Mrs. Roy was a Christian lady; but religion and good-breeding combined are often vigorously opposed by those remnants of original depravity whose complete elimination from young, impulsive natures is the slow work of struggling years. And while she believed in divine providence, she was frequently beset by the temptation of yielding to doubt in regard to its entire justice toward herself, personally considered.

How disagreeable it was out of doors that melancholy day! As Mrs. Roy stood by the window, and looked out upon the viciousness of the wind, and the dervish-dance of the dust, no wonder she felt dispirited, and altogether inconsolable. But presently it was worse than that, for she became vindictive.

"Everybody is having a vacation," she went on, still aloud. "I shall have no change at all. It will be the same old round, day in and day out—home duties, social duties, church duties. By and by it won't be as much as that even. How can I make calls when there is no one to call on? And the meetings! Of course I shall be expected to go to them all, because I am not away. The missionary meeting comes to-morrow. There won't be half a dozen there. I shall not go, any way; for I mean to take a vacation in religion, if I can't in anything else!"

This was, indeed, an awful culmination to have reached, if Mrs. Roy meant by it, no more prayer, no more spiritual endeavor, no more recognition of her duty to God and man, while the summer went on. But I do not think she intended anything so dreadful as that. She had the meeting chiefly in mind when she spoke; and yet, to this extent alone, how wild and wicked the words sounded afterwards in her own ears.

She could not help noting the hour when the clock struck three the next afternoon. The meeting had begun, she knew. Probably Miss Marden led in prayer; and now, perhaps, they were reading that chapter in Thessalonians that

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strangely occurred to Mrs. Roy just then. She involuntarily recalled a verse, here and there.

"For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night." * * * "Pray without ceasing." * * * "In everything give thanks." * * * "Abstain from all appearance of evil."

Somehow, her good memory made her uncomfortable. And why should those words in particular suggest themselves? Mrs. Roy sorted her recollections with elaborate care. These uninvited thoughts but strengthened her perversity. She was thoroughly determined to enjoy her vacation and her embroidery together.

During the week which followed a churchless Sunday, Mrs. Roy went out to drive one morning. There were low clouds about, and the air was full of chilly moisture. When Mrs. Roy came home she coughed a little, and put a warm wrap around herself. When Mr. Roy came home, he sent for a doctor, in frightened haste; but sudden attacks of pneumonia will sometimes have their way in spite of all the physicians; and before many days had gone by, poor little Mrs. Roy was very ill indeed. She realized quite clearly that she was sick, and being taken care of; but it was even more of an effort to think than to breathe. She paid little attention to what was said in her dimly lighted room, until one evening, when she happened to catch some snatches of conversation between the doctor and the nurse. After that, she listened, as for her very life.

"It is sad," the doctor was saying; "very sad, indeed, that she must go at just this time. I suppose you have heard how matters stand?"

"Yes," answered the nurse, mournfully, in a low voice. "Until the first of September, is it not?"

"Until the first of September," repeated the doctor, slowly. "The gates of heaven are closed until the first of September. This is the middle of June. A soul who wanders alone, outside, from now till then, will be in great danger."

"Do you think she will be quite alone?" asked the nurse, tremulously.

The doctor shook his head. "I cannot tell," he answered, uncertainly. "It is vacation, you know. Even ministering spirits must have some rest and change. I fear there will be no one to take her in charge. The only hope is—"

But Mrs. Roy heard no more. In an agony of terror and grief she had lost consciousness, and lay as one dead. When she came to herself, her husband stood beside her. She caught his hand and clung to it, with a return of the frantic fear that was her last memory.

"Are they still closed?" she asked, piteously. "Has the first of September come yet? Are we there together, Fred; or must I go alone?"

"Closed?—Go where alone?" echoed Mr. Roy, in a puzzled tone. And then he said, gently, with an eager restraint in his manner, that Mrs. Roy was too weak to notice, "You have been very sick, Marion, and those were some of the things you dreamed about. You are better now, but you must be quiet. The Lord has spared your life. Thank him by growing strong and well again."

Mrs. Roy's eyes were heavy with peace. She closed them, solemnly, without a word; but, inaudibly, she murmured, "O, thou dear Christ, who art so patient and unthiring in thy love toward me, forgive my folly and sin. Help me to realize thy constant, unwearying grace. Teach me, by thine unchangeableness, how I may best serve thee with ceaseless devotion; for thine is the glory, forever and ever." K. K.

Fourth of July at Petaluma.

The church was decorated with flags, both large and small, together with a great profusion of flowers. In the morning, Rev. R. G. Jones preached on the "Position of America and its Duty to the World." Text, Psalm lxxx: 8-12. Americans, in many things similar to Israel—delivered from bondage, protected by God, entered into covenant with God, made an effort to teach religion to their children, multiplied greatly, occupied a central position advantageous to teach religion to the nations, cannot prosper without God. In the evening a praise service was held, led by Prof. Urmy on the organ, a double quartet, four horns, with solos and congregational singing, filled the programme. Rev. T. J. Culver of Green Valley offered prayer, and Rev. R. G. Jones made a few remarks on the "Characteristics of the Fathers of the Nation, their love for the Bible, regard for the Sabbath, family religion and discipline, their enthusiasm for civil and religious liberty." House was crowded and all appeared well pleased.

THE BEATTY VETERAN GUARDS.—This is the name given to a military organization at Washington, N. J., last month. The name was chosen in honor of Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, the piano and organ man. It is mostly composed of veterans of the late civil war.

No one would think that Phtholgyrrh spelled Turner, but a Vassar College girl proves it in this way; pth; as in phthisic, is T; o; as in colonel, is ur; gn as in gnat, is n; yrrh as in myrrh, is er.

Home Circle.

IN SCHOOL DAYS.
BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.
Within the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.
The charcoal frescoes on its walls,
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!
Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window panes,
And low eaves' icy fretting.
It touched the tangled, golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.
For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.
Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered—
As restlessly her tiny hands
The saw checked upon a fingered.
He saw her lift her eyes; he felt
The soft hand's light caressing,
And heard the trembling of her voice,
As if a fault confessing.
"I'm sorry that I spent the word;
I hate to go above you.
Because—" the brown eyes lower fell—
"Because, you see, I love you!"
Still memory to a gray-haired man
That sweet childhood is showing,
Dear girl!—the grasses on her grave
Have forty years been growing!
He lives to learn in life's hard school,
How low he pass above him
Lament their triumph and his loss,
Like her—because they love him.

A Woman in the Case.

"Tell the truth," said John Haviland, as he threw aside the evening paper, and faced the little group in the parlor. "I am fast growing out of patience with this text—'A woman at the bottom of it.' It would be strange in this world, made up, as far as we are aware, of nothing but two sexes, if a woman would not occasionally be found at the bottom of anything good. It is the injustice of the thing that makes me angry. Now there are a hundred of us poor fellows who owe all we are, all we have, and all we hope to become in this world or the next, to the unselfish love of woman."

The gentleman's face was flushed, and he spoke very warmly and feelingly, so much so, that his wife, rocking her baby to sleep in the further corner of the room, inquired:

"But why should you care, John? It has always been so, and always will be so. We don't think much about it now, because we have been taught to expect it."

"But you should care! and you should fight for each other more than you do. There is one chapter in my life's history that I have always kept locked in my heart, but to-night I feel as if it were my duty to open it for your inspection: and I do it for the love of woman—for the love of the woman who made me what I am worthy to be, the husband of a good woman."

"Why, John!" said Mrs. Haviland, softly approaching—babe still held tight to her bosom—"you absolutely frighten me."

"Let's have the story," said the rest of the group, certain that something good might be anticipated; and John commenced, at first a little timid, but gaining confidence as he proceeded.

"When I first came to New York, at the age of twelve years, to seek my fortune, I can call myself a precocious chap without danger of being accused of an unusual degree of self-appreciation. I was quick to learn everything, the bad as well as the good. My employer used profane language. I picked up the oaths that he dropped with a naturalness that surprised even myself. The boys in the office all chewed tobacco. This was a little the hardest job I ever attempted, but, after two weeks of nausea, and indescribable stomach wrenchings, I came off victorious, and could get away with my paper a day with the best of them.

"True, every word of it," said the speaker.

"One afternoon I was sent with a note from my employer to a house in the upper part of the city. I hadn't anything to read, but I had plenty of tobacco, and with that I proposed to entertain myself during the two or three hours I must spend in the passage. For some distance I did not notice who were beside me, but by and by, a lady said very softly and pleasantly: 'Would you please, little boy, be more careful. I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled.'

"I looked into her face. It was the sweetest face I ever saw. Pale, earnest and loving; to my boyish heart, little boy, be more careful. I am going to a party this afternoon, and I should hate to have my dress spoiled."

"What in the world did you say?" interrupted Mrs. Haviland, her bright eyes filling with tears, as she saw how the memory of this beautiful woman effected her husband.

"Say! There was very little I could say. I think all I did for some time was to look."

"I managed to dispose of the tobacco, however, and wiped my mouth very carefully, all of which I felt certain she saw and mentally commented upon."

"Have you a mother, little boy?" she asked, in the same low tone.

"No ma'am, I answered, and I felt my throat filling up, and I knew I must swallow mightily fast to keep from sobbing."

"You have a father, then, I suppose?"

"No ma'am; no father."

"Brothers and sisters?"

"Neither; ma'am."

"Then the little boy is alone in the world?"

"All alone, ma'am."

"How long has his mother been dead?"

"Two years," I answered.

"And you loved her?" came next.

"Dearly," was all I could say.

"She was silent for a moment, and then she said so sweetly—oh! I shall never forget it—

"And what do you think your dear mother would say—how do you think she would feel—to know that her little boy was guilty of such a disgusting habit as this?" pointing to my cheek, where the tell-tale quid had vainly tried to stand its ground.

"I must leave now," she continued, 'but here is my card, and if you come to me most any evening, I shall be glad to see you, and perhaps we can be of some service to each other.'

"She gave me her little gloved hand, and to my dying day I shall never forget the sensation of that moment. I could not bear to part with her; without her I felt that I could do nothing—with her I could grow to a man's estate—a man in the truest sense of the word. From that moment tobacco never passed my lips."

"As soon as I could summon courage I called upon the lady. Well do I remember how my heart beat as I waited in the elegant parlor for her to come down and how awkwardly I felt as I followed my guide to her private sitting-room. She got at every point of my life, and before I bade her good-by it was arranged that I should spend two evenings of each week at her house and study on the occasion just what she thought best."

"No lover looked forward to meetings with the mistress of his heart any more ardently than I did to those meetings with my friend."

"I grew careful of my personal appearance, careful of my conversation, strove in every way to be worthy of the noble friendship. Two years passed in this delightful manner—two years that made me. My friend not only attended to my studies, striving also all the while to sow the right kind of spiritual seed, but she procured me a business situation with a particular friend of hers, where I remain to this day. Nobody but God knows what I owe to this woman. During the last three months of those two years I noticed that she grew constantly pale and thin; she never was betrayed into speaking of herself. Sometimes, when I would ask her if she felt worse than usual, she would reply:

"Oh! no, I am a little tired—that is all."

"One evening she kept me by her sofa longer than was her custom, while she arranged lessons, and laid out work enough, it seemed to me, for months."

"Why so much to-night?" I inquired, conscious that my heart ached, and vaguely suspecting the cause.

"Because, dear," she answered, 'I do not want you to come for the next week and I am anxious that you should have sufficient work to anticipate, as well as to keep you busy. I think I can trust you to be a good boy, John?'

"I think you can, ma'am," I answered, almost sobbing.

"If I should see your mother, my dear boy, before long, what shall I say to her for you?"

"Then I knew all, and my grief knew no bounds. It is no use to go on. She died two days after; and when I hear folks saying, 'There is a woman at the bottom of it,' I feel like telling the whole world what a woman did for me."

Interior.

Broken Cords.

In a window of a little bazaar in Chalmers is a picture which one cannot look upon without emotion. It represents a scene on the Matterhorn. A guide has been conducting a party of tourists over a perilous ice-slope. Confident of his ability to lead them safely, he has gone before, cutting with his ice-axe a pathway, while they have followed lashed together with a strong manilla cord, one end of which is securely tied about his waist.

For a time all has gone well. Over the slippery ice, along the rim of the treacherous bergschrund, and by the mouth of the yawning crevasse they have bravely made their way. But at length on the glassy slope, one of the little band has lost his footing and started to descend. His weight, drawing suddenly upon the cord, has thrown another from his footing, and then another and another, until all save the adventurous leader are moving downward toward the precipice below.

Thoroughly aroused to a sense of the peril, and availing himself of his almost superhuman strength, the stalwart guide has thrown his arms about a projecting rock, and has clasped it with all his might in the hope of saving both himself and those who are lashed to him. But the cord in which he had confided is not strong enough. It breaks just below the point of attachment to his person. He is safe, but they are lost. And the picture represents him sitting, his arms still clasped about the rock, looking with a despairing look at the men whom he has led into danger but whom he cannot rescue, as beyond his assistance or control they are slipping away before his eyes to destruction.

Alas, for these broken cords! We see them around us every day. Here is a man of brilliant intellect, whom God has endowed with those gifts which make him an acknowledged leader of thought among his fellow-men. In college, the university, or the circles of professional life, he is sure to find other and less adventurous spirits who are ready to follow where he leads. Conscious of his great powers, he tries the perilous pathway of skepticism—over the cold snowfields of materialism, along the treacherous ice-slopes of agnosticism, and by the yawning crevasses of atheism, he gayly leads the way. He makes no doubt that in due time he shall

lead them back again to the safe paths of Christian faith, by the same cords of influence by which he has conducted them forth. But there comes a time when the feet of the men whom he has been leading begin to slide; chilled by the cold air and bewildered by the fog, one after another is losing his foothold, and going down towards the precipice. He feels his own steps giving way. What shall he do? With all the strength of his great intellect he throws his arms around the cross and is safe. To-day he preaches the faith that he once destroyed. But where are the men he was leading? Alas, they do not listen to him now! The cords of his influence are broken. He looks upon them as they go down to the precipice. He is powerless to do them good.

Here is another young man. He has splendid social qualities. He is admired, quoted, imitated by those less gifted than himself. For mere adventure's sake he will try the pathway of dissipation. He invites others to join him. Strong in the consciousness of great powers of self-control, trusting to his personal influence to keep others from excess, he leads the way—to-day he is a sober man. His arms are about the cross. Grace has rescued him. But where are the men he led? Alas! he cannot save them now. The cords of his influence broken, they go down to a drunkard's grave.

Let the man who has influence beware how he uses it. Let him who is honored to lead seek safe paths, lest he sit like the guide on the Matterhorn, with a shadow across his soul that he will carry into eternity.—*Christian Weekly.*

Sunday Work on Newspapers.

Remarking on this subject a few weeks ago, as evidence that there is no need of work on the Lord's day in order that a daily paper may be issued on six days of the week, we mentioned that the New York *Journal of Commerce*, as long as it was in the hands of its original proprietors, was issued without working on the day of rest. We said nothing of the present practice of the paper, because we knew nothing; but we learn that our silence has been construed to imply that the successors of Messrs. Hale & Hallock have departed from their custom in this respect. Under this impression, the editor of that paper has favored us with a communication, assuring us that "no change of any kind has taken place in reference to Sunday work in the establishment." He adds a statement of the facts, which we are happy to publish, as evidence of the practicability of observing the weekly rest where there is a desire to do so.

"Vessels at sea do not 'lie by' over Sunday, and Messrs. Hale & Hallock, when they sent out their boats to cruise at sea, kept up their sails, doing no other work on Sunday, save the speaking of vessels and receiving their reports. With the exception of ship news, no other labor of any kind was ever undertaken for or in behalf of the *Journal of Commerce* on Sunday. All hands are locked out of the composing room and all other offices of the establishment at a quarter before twelve on Saturday night. I know of no other daily morning newspaper in this country which does no work on the first day of the week and devotes the twenty-four hours to absolute rest. I have not even visited the establishment, or entered its doors, from midnight Saturday to midnight on Sunday twice in ten years. We have an extra force to bring out Monday morning's paper, at some expense to us, and we flatter ourselves that this edition, in the matter of news, will compare favorably with any that is made up on Sunday afternoon and evening."

"I do not refer to these facts as entitling us to any special commendation, since the Sunday rest, where it is possible, not only falls within the line of ordinary duty, but is of inestimable privilege, bestowing manifold rewards on all who observe it."—*The Watchman.*

Superstitions about Thunder.

Almost all the tribes in the United States believed the thunder to be produced by the wings of a great bird, and that the lightning was the serpents that were invariably connected with the thunder bird. Among the ancient tribes of the Mississippi Valley the thunder, therefore, soon became a thunder God, who could be propitiated with sacrifices. The Illinois Indians offered up a small dog when a child happened to be sick upon a day when their was much thunder, supposing the latter to be a cause of the malady. Many accidents, like conflagrations, were attributed to this angry God, and some tribes did bloody penances of propitiation often burning to death their own children. Statements that the Indians adorned the thunder, however, seem to be erroneous. It was the cause of the thunder that they worshipped, and before which they burned tobacco and buffalo meat, or cut of the joints of their fingers, or threw their children into the fire when they were overcome with fear. The Peruvians had as an ideal a stone that had been split by the lightning. They offered it gold and silver. The natives of Honduras burned cotton seed when it thundered. Other southern tribes made no sacrifices on the approach of a storm, but abased themselves in the most abject fear. The wild rice being aquatic, and looking like an arrow or spear, it is also attributed to the thunder-spirit as its origin. In Mexico great temples were built upon the sacred spots where lightning had struck. A curious notion among Peruvians was that the preserved bodies of twin children who died in infancy should be worshipped, supposing that one of them was the son of the thunder, the origin of this idea being the fact that the thunder God of that people was one of the celestial twins of Apocotequin and Piquerad. This tradition was utilized by Pizarro's missionaries to teach the Indians the doctrine of the Trinity.

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Bonds - 99,206 66
Real estate - 93,828 39
Cash on hand - 67,517 31
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finest in America and as large as all the piano stores in San Francisco combined. We sell only the best and leading Pianos and Organs, being the most beautiful, reliable and durable. Largest capital; lowest prices; easiest terms, \$8 or \$10 or upwards per month. Pianos \$30, \$50, \$100, \$200, and upwards. No imitation or shoddy Pianos. Also, a supply of the great Antisell Pianos and Standard Organs at less than New York prices. Five hundred Pianos to rent. Rent allowed on purchase. \$250 Organs, \$60.

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Literary, Etc.

"Unto the Third and Fourth Generation, a Study, by Helen Campbell," is published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, the same firm that has so good success in presenting to the public "The Fool's Errand." This is not one of the hundreds of wishy-washy stories with which our literature is overrun. It has strong points, and has thought in it. The very title shows that it deals with a study old doctrine, to which our new philosophy gives its sanction, that it is possible to inherit a fatality. The effect of this persuasion upon the mind of one who was penetrated by it is exhibited in a vivid way. Aside from the "Study" there is in the book, its story is likely to enchain attention; and the style and entire handling show power and a natural facility in the author. 16mo, 249 pp., closely printed. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson has made himself very lively in Home Missionary matters in all our new West. He must love to travel. We hear of him in Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Oregon, and even in Alaska. Billings, Harbourn & Co. of this city have sent us a copy of his volume entitled "Alaska and Missions on the North Pacific Coast," published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. In this 12 mo of 327 pages the author gives as the results of considerable reading and of personal observation respecting the vast region which the United States have possessed, without greatly improving, during more than a decade. It would be impossible to find elsewhere in the same compass so much information respecting Alaska, especially as respects the moral and religious state of the people, and the efforts made within a few years to do an evangelizing work there. The narrative of these efforts is interesting. They were commenced in 1876, but it was not till August, 1877, that Mrs. McFarland, widow of a Presbyterian missionary, took up her residence in the territory. She deserves, we think, the tributes that are paid her in this volume. The difficulties met with are very serious, but it is gratifying that our Presbyterian brethren have found so many, and apparently so efficient, ministers and teachers for the work.

Aside from the matters pertaining to the missionary work thus begun, the book contains a great deal which is of interest respecting the country and its inhabitants. As many as a hundred pictorial illustrations are given. Some of these are quite helpful to a better impression of the strange region and scenes referred to. They are not quite so good specimens of the engraver's art as we might expect in these days. From a purely critical point of view, we might object to this book as not so good as it ought to be. But Dr. Jackson is not a man of leisure, who has plenty of time to work up a book in the most ideal manner. He has stirred up people to do something for the good of the Alaskans, and, viewed with reference to the same practical end, his book deserves a welcome. We may expect good to come from its publication.

The *California* presents its July number, the first of its second volume, in a new style of cover, which pleases us. We are glad to see such writers as Prof. Bernard Moses and Mr. Wm. U. Bartlett enlisted, each having an essay in this number. Some one tells again the story of Dr. Whitman and how he saved Oregon. It deserves to be retold, for it is with him as with the poor man of whom Ecclesiastes speaks, who saved the city, "but no man remembered that same poor man." As against "satin" we might prefer, as Anthony Thrall evidently does, "sacking" in literature, but we must confess that Walt Whitman's place in literature is not lifted in our estimation by the specimens of his poems selected by Mr. Thrall for our admiration. The suggestion made by the editor as to the need of an Historical Society we heartily endorse. There is a field for it. It should seem as if the "Pioneers" might do some work in this line. They need some object like this. But we suppose they are not generally of the sort who would pursue this object with zest and patience.

The *California Horticulturist and Floral Magazine* is edited by Charles H. Shinn, and published by John H. Carmichael & Co., at \$2.50 annually. "The Santa Barbara Rose Fair" we are glad to see described by a friend of earlier days in California. This June number has a great many valuable suggestions, and gives much information, and the magazine seems to be in the hands of one who has a tact for his work.

The *North American Review* for July has papers on "Bismarck," by that Boswell, M. Busch; on "Canada and the United States," by Professor Goldwin Smith; on "English House of Lords," by J. E. Thorold Rogers; on the "Ethics of Sex," by Miss Hardaker—which certainly is not extravagant in its appreciation of woman—on "The Panama Canal," by De Lesseps. We have read also Pres. Bartlett's statement as to "The Exodus of Israel," written, as we all know, by one who has given special attention to the subject. He does not entertain at all Brugsch's theory of the northern route of the Hebrews. We see it stated, however, that this theory has been adopted quite lately by Professor Sayce. "Profligacy in Fiction" is severely rebuked in a closing paper, reference being had especially to Zola's "Nana" and Ouida's "Moths."

"The Standard Series" moves right on. We have this week the eighth. We miss the third, fourth and fifth numbers of Knight's "History of England," completing the work. It does complete it, giving the elaborate index to the whole work, besides other tables of reference. We need only say that this number contains 272 solid pages, quarto, on good paper, and in clear type, and that it is

sold for 35 cents! We have also, in the same series, published by J. K. Funk & Co., the first part of a work which has made us young again—that is to say, it has carried us back to the days in which we joined the immense ovation which greeted Louis Kossuth when he visited Boston in 1851. This work is, "Memoirs of My Exile." It is translated from the Hungarian by Ferenc Jansz. To one who ever felt the glorious enthusiasm which this wonderful man inspired, this is an intensely interesting book. There is a tragic interest about it. For as respects Hungary, it seems likely that Kossuth will die without seeing his hopes at all realized. Quite the contrary! For the Austro-Hungarian Government has passed a law which has expatriated, and which was intended to expatriate, the aged exile. He is now seventy-eight. But the glow of the great dream of nationality lights up the sadness of his disappointed aims. It is not necessary to say that the diplomacy which has been at work in Europe since 1848 is portrayed by one who knows it well. How Kossuth looks at Cavour, Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III and others is worth learning. Price, 20 cts.

Historical.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

From the *London Evening Post*, from Thursday, July 2d, to Saturday, July 4th, 1778:

General Howe came home in a frigate. He has brought only his Secretary with him.

The Congress have appointed a Committee of their body to meet the Commissioners, to know what they have got to say. Mr. Lee of Virginia, brother to Mr. Arthur Lee at Paris, Mr. Samuel Adams and Mr. Tilghman are of the Committee. These gentlemen are among the foremost in America for independence.

Philadelphia is evacuated, and the army are returned to New York.

Yesterday advice was received that four Frenchmen had looked into Plymouth. It was yesterday reported in the city that the *Fox* frigate and the *Wasp* sloop of war are both taken by the French, and carried into Brest harbor.

Six frigates and sloops of war are, by contract, to be launched from the merchants' yards in the river during this month.

It is not probable that Admiral Keppel will be ready to sail before the middle of next week. Nor will he then have above six more ships; for three of them which are talked of, viz., the *Vengeance*, *Duke* and *Centaure*, have not half of their proper number of men on board.

The American Plenipotentiary has met with an agreeable reception at Turin; this is not to be wondered at when we consider the connection between that court and Paris.

A letter from Calais, dated June 25th, says: "An order is this day to be put in force here which may be compared with the practice of pressing seamen on your side of the water."

From the difficulty of getting marines, as well as land forces, orders are sent for the 50th regiment of foot to be removed from the camp at Winchester to Portsmouth, and immediately embarked on board the men of war that are getting ready there to reinforce Admiral Keppel's fleet. The six ships designed to reinforce Admiral Keppel will require 4,500 men. This number of men will not be got in ten days. All the guard-ships have been swept some weeks ago. It is true that last Friday at least one thousand men might have been had that night, but Lord Sandwich was out of town; the men heard of their danger and are gone off. They are dispersed, and cannot be found.

FROM PHILADELPHIA.

On Monday, 18th, a superb entertainment, called the "Meschianza," was given by some officers of the army to their general, the Hon. Sir William Howe, before his departure for England. The various amusements consisted of a regatta, Fete Champetre, with tilts and tournaments, and a procession through two triumphal arches, constructed with naval and military attributes and their devices; succeeded by a grand exhibition of fire-works and a ball. The whole concluded with a sumptuous entertainment prepared for the occasion in a magnificent room of 180 feet in length, with 400 covers illuminated with lustres, and branches consisting of 700 tapers; the company attended by mutes in oriental dresses. The tickets for admission were ornamented with the emblems of war; a setting sun, with the words "Luceo ducto splendore resurgam;" and, at the top of the ticket, these words, "Vive vale." All ranks of the people exerted themselves in showing the greatest respect for General Howe. The little, dirty Scotch faction in the army concealed their recreant heads, but their hearts were ready to burst with envy.

The army, after quitting Philadelphia, began their march through Jersey for New York.

The Commissioners were not arrived when Philadelphia was evacuated. Nor was Admiral Gambier arrived; though he sailed from England three weeks before them.

(Advertisements.)

Just landed at Portsmouth, and there to be sold by auction, on Thursday, the 22d day of July, 1778, one hundred and ninety-one lbs. of Rappahannock river tobacco, the cargo of the *Nancy* and *Hannah*, a prize to His Majesty's ship *Bedford*, Weston Varlo, Esq., Commander. It is of excellent quality, in the best condition for the advantage of the buyer, and in all respects far superior to those samples lodged in Mr. William Prince's office in London.

(Lengthy advertisements of races.) Salisbury races, July 23d; Conway races, July 31st; Ludlow races, August

5th; Derby races, August 11th; Warwick races, August 25th; Huntingdon races, August 25th.

The great difficulty of procuring money at this critical period has induced a gentleman of the profession to give his attention peculiarly to the management of the affairs of such of the nobility and others as are involved in debt, whether real or simple contract. By a method peculiar to himself he apprehends he can extricate persons under such circumstances, and to effect which small intermediate sums shall not be wanting. And to those who are out of town or in foreign parts, his agency shall be direct and to their service. Letters from those in town will be immediately attended. Direct for A. B., at Mr. Southern's Stationers, St. James street.

Sir William Howe was just five weeks on his passage from Philadelphia to Portsmouth. When he sailed from thence, no advice had been received of the *Trident*, man of war, with the commissioners on board.

Extract of a letter from Cork, June 22nd: By a fishing boat that met a vessel from New York to Liverpool we have the *New York Gazette* to the 19th of May. All idea of any accommodation is at an end. The treaty with France is confirmed by Congress, and was read at the head of Washington's army on the 6th of May. It was received with a grand *feu de joy*, and general rejoicing all over the Continent. The first article is they shall never treat with Great Britain upon any terms of subjection or dependence whatsoever, and that France shall assist them upon every occasion their assistance may be necessary, and neither party shall make peace without the consent of the other. (The treaty follows.) There is a ship just arrived from New York. She had a very short passage. She brings advice that the army is all arrived at New York from Philadelphia, and that Lord Cornwallis is to go to Jamaica with 5,000 men immediately. The Commissioners are arrived at New York, but there are no hopes of any accommodation without first acknowledging the independence of America. The King's army in America, being now drawn to one place, the whole American force will be directed to that point; so that the troops will have a bad time of it in New York. They must act entirely on the defensive and be greatly harassed by severe duty. What was foretold by a few is now obvious to all; viz., that this mad war with America would end in the dismemberment of the empire, the disgrace of our army and the ruin of our trade. What do those wicked ministers deserve whose evil counsels have done all this?

Agriculture in Arizona.

In relation to the agricultural possibilities of Arizona R. J. Hinton says:

"It is estimated that there are about 2,800,000 acres of land in the Territory of the best quality with surface water to sufficiently irrigate the same by the use of ditches; of which not over 30,000 acres are in cultivation. There are at least 10,000,000 acres, perhaps 15,000,000 to 20,000,000 of rich land that can be cultivated by means of artesian wells; such as, when thus made available, is sold in Los Angeles and San Bernardino counties, Cal., for \$50 per acre and upwards, but which can at present be had in Arizona for the taking; with the difference that the average depth to water would probably not be half as great as in the counties above named. Most of this is as good fruit and grape land as the best lands in Southern California. Even the deserts are not continually sandy, barren wastes, but through and across them in various directions run extensive valleys. "Fully half the rain falls in the hot season when it does most good, and in many localities the annual rainfall is double that of southern California."

The area of Arizona is given at 113,915 square miles, or a little larger than the whole of the British Isles, and nearly equal to the whole of the New England States plus New York. From its northern boundary, 37° north latitude, to its southern, its length is about 394 miles, while its greatest width, from nearly 109° to about 114° 50' west longitude is about 370 miles. Without sea coast, with only one navigable river, the Colorado, and destitute of prairies, or of far-stretching forests of good timber, Arizona would be of little importance were it not for the minerals hidden in its mountain masses, especially along the central axis of the Territory.

But the development of the mineral wealth gives value to every spot that can be cultivated, and invites the employment of irrigation for the reclamation of the broad areas that need water only to make them fertile.

The report comes from Russia that General Pashkoff has been ordered to quit the Empire immediately. Our readers have from time to time been informed of the earnest efforts of Lord Radstock of England to bring the pure Gospel before the minds and hearts of the better classes in Russia. For several years he has been in the habit of visiting St. Petersburg and other cities, and holding evangelical meetings among the wealthy and influential members of society, which have resulted in leading many to the truth. This has irritated and enraged the leaders of the Greek Church, who have bitterly opposed the movement, and now they have succeeded in procuring this severe interdiction. Lord Radstock established a Bible-class at the house of General Pashkoff, from which the leaven has spread, till now there are fifteen similar meetings in St. Petersburg that are sending out a Gospel influence over the city and even into the provinces. The new converts are called by the name of Pashkovites. We have little doubt that this act of persecution is only another proof of the hostility of sectarianism and error to the plain teaching of the Bible.—*Christian Weekly*.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE
DR. C. McLANE'S
LIVER PILLS

FOR THE CURE OF
Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint,
DYSPEPSIA AND SICK HEADACHE.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. If, in fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a FAIR TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

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The genuine McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bear the signatures of C. McLANE and FLEMING BROS. on the wrappers.

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Now Offer for Sale Choice Residence Property, Desirable Business Lots,

AT VERY LOW RATES, AND ON VERY EASY TERMS.

Now is the time to buy, while everything is cheap, as there will be a great rise in value on the revival of business.

This property is reached from San Francisco by the Berkeley Ferry and by two lines of railroad. Time, forty-five minutes. Fare, 15 cents; on Ferry, 20 cents; on Railroad, monthly ticket, \$3.00.

The finest climate, fine view, and excellent educational advantages, all combine to make Berkeley A MOST DESIRABLE PLACE FOR RESIDENCE.

A few more lots are offered at

\$200 Each	\$10 Cash	\$5	Monthly Installments for Balance
300	20	5	" " " "
500 to \$600	50	10	" " " "
700	100	15	" " " "

The facilities for obtaining steady employment in Berkeley should induce every man to secure a home while property is yet cheap.

Remember, we give no Chinamen work. We give no factories encouragement that employ Chinamen.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS offered to those that improve at once, and to FACTORIES in which none but WHITE labor is employed.

A few more of those choice building-lots adjoining the University Grounds are for sale, also a few adjoining the railroad depot at the University.

For bargains in all parts of Berkeley give us a call. A perfect title is in all cases guaranteed. Call and see us before purchasing elsewhere. We sell our own property, and those purchasing of us save the price of commission which agents always charge in some way.

In all cases only eight per cent. interest on unpaid parts.

Those visiting Berkeley should take the Berkeley Ferry, foot of Washington St., San Francisco.

Or take the Oakland Ferry from San Francisco to Delaware Street. Time, 5:40, 6:10, and 8:10 A. M., and 12:30, 3:30, 4:30, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Change at the Point Station, and take cars for Delaware Street.

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Has a Pad differing from all others, is
in shape, with Self-Adjusting Ball
Pressure, keeps the Ball in position
of the body, while the BALL is in
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CROSSETT'S

Dental Rooms,

No. 10 Third Street.

The Pacific.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Wednesday, July 7, 1880.

We desire to call special attention to the Copartnership notice of Easton and Eldridge in another column. "Jo Eldridge," our long time friend and the long time friend of the PACIFIC, is the auctioneer of the Pacific Coast. Lots, farms, stock, personal property, works of art, etc., he can sell if any man can. Regular sale day, Tuesday.

The new Charter compiled by the Committee of Fifteen, for this city, has been printed, and is now before the people for their examination. It is very long. It goes into much detail in certain parts. It is an able Charter. It will be an improvement on the present posture of the Consolidation Act. It will be an improvement on the McClure Charter. It may not be perfect, but we hope that it will pass, with slight amendments, every ordeal and become a law in process of time. If the charter could only be shorter by one-half, it would be oftener read. We do not despair of seeing the day when Constitutions and Charters will limit themselves to general principles and simple enunciations, and allow usage, custom and administrators of law to regulate all details.

The 104th anniversary of the Declaration of American Independence was celebrated, according to reports, here and there and everywhere throughout the land. More patriotic sermons than usual were probably preached, because the Fourth came on Sunday. And in what better way could the anniversary be celebrated than by sermons and songs and greetings befitting the Sabbath day? Such services as those held at Petaluma on last Sabbath, reported in another column, seem to us very fitting for Independence Day. But such services would not yet satisfy most of our people. A Fourth-of-July celebration must be a more noisy affair. But we have yet to learn of the place where cannon were fired, the procession marched and the regular Fourth-of-July oration was delivered on last Sabbath. The people held still until Monday, but then they went at it after the long-time fashion, and made noise enough. Some houses were burned and some persons were killed. Gov. Perkins delivered a good oration in Sacramento, and the literary exercises in this city, and many other places, were good and well attended. Processions were large and streets well decorated. On the whole, we suppose our people are more patriotic in spite of the many absurd and dangerous and wicked things that were done. And so another 4th has passed happily, joyously and sensibly with some, while others come out of it with empty pockets, property destroyed, heads swollen or broken, and demoralized generally. There is a better way.

Once in ten years the National Government takes a general survey of its domain and counts up the people, of all sorts and ages, that live upon it. This is a necessary thing to do in order to adjust representation in Congress according to population. Some of the states lose population (slowly indeed) some remain stationary, some gain moderately and some increase rapidly. So after every census a new apportionment of members of Congress has to be made, according to the basis of necessary numbers in a district, which the Congress itself shall determine. The new basis will probably be 175,000 or 180,000 of population for each member of Congress. This taking of a census is also a good thing, since it enables us to know who and where we are, and where our center is, and what progress we have been making. It shows us also our strength and capacity, while it reveals the weak places in our line of safety and defence. But a census always disappoints us, more or less, because it gives real facts and figures, not surmises, guesses or expectations. All counting is likely to do this, and so must be prepared for shrinkages. In this city the census gives us about 240,000—as many as we looked for, nearly, although people have talked about 300,000 or more. Oakland is placed at 35,000 which is as many as could be rationally looked for; there being 10,000 more in the immediate vicinity. Sacramento disappoints us by 3,000—it is reckoned at 22,000, instead of 25,000 as we had supposed it might show. But this proves that the Capital has steadily grown at the rate of 600 a year the last ten years. San Jose prospers and shows a fine increase, and so does Los Angeles. The other large towns have increased but little; just about keeping pace with the general growth of the State, which has not been remarkable the last decade. As this city by every basis of

calculation contains about one-quarter of the people of the State, the reasonable expectation is that California will show a population of a million, and will have hereafter five or six members of Congress. It is probable, also, that Oregon will gain one member of Congress. We wish that we could be sure of putting as much more wisdom, light, life and moral power into Congress as we shall in the reckoning of numbers and of avoirdupois.

"Twenty-one emigrant wagons, heavily loaded with families and household furniture, have passed through Lakeview, Or., during the past week. All of them were bound for Washington Territory. Almost as large a number were at the same time on their return from Washington Territory to California."

Some years ago, in a brief excursion to northern California and southern Oregon, we found a similar state of things—wagons, encampments, families—some going one way and some the other. These people were not exactly "gypsies," but they had something of the same roving instinct; the same unrest and "grand dissatisfaction," which kept them in motion, with the thought of escaping some evil, or finding some good. "A rolling stone gathers no moss." Why, these persons, not a few of them, were covered with moss and overgrown "chapparral." "There is no place like home." These could not say so; they never had a home. They fancied there might be one somewhere, but could not tell what it was like. Happy those who have an ideal home, and mean to make it right where they are.

The Sacramento Record Union says:

"If the Sacramento Society of California Pioneers really wishes to take some appropriate action to attest its appreciation, etc., let it possess itself of a small plot of raised ground where Sutter built his fort. It is historic soil, and whatever estimation people may have of the old pioneer, they one and all look upon the site of Sutter's Fort with regard. There is now standing but one solitary adobe structure of all the original buildings, and that is fast crumbling to ruins. The Sacramento Society of California Pioneers is able to save the grounds, restore them to something like their old condition, prevent the barrack-house from going to further decay, and preserve the spot as a perpetual landmark which will be of even greater interest to the next than to the present generation."

Of this we heartily approve. Let the Society possess itself of the spot, and build a monument there. The suggestion is a good one for other localities. The Pioneers are passing away. Let the people by their local organizations own all historic spots and structures, making them conservators of truth and forces of education, and powers of development among them. If we would make the future grand, let the grandeur of the past, however rugged, in due appreciation stand over us and inspire us.

Still another steamboat "horror" is reported from the East. The full ocean steamer *Anchoria* was disabled by collision at sea, and her passengers simply escaped with their lives. The *Narragansett* was broken and burned by a collision on Long Island Sound, during a foggy night; from which 40 or more lost their lives. Last week the local steamer *Seawanhaka*, off Randal's Island, almost in the very harbor of New York, in the light of the afternoon, suddenly burst into flame and was successfully beached; but 40 or 50 persons perished by fire or water before the process of destruction could be arrested. Not a few of those who perished in these calamitous scenes were people of distinction and honor and love, whose sudden taking off caused lamentation and woe in homes, churches and communities. We are no more secure on these shores than are our friends on the other side; but we hope the day is distant far, when an occurrence of this kind shall sadden our towns and cities.

A Sign in the East.

One of the signs in the East is the substitution in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut of the English language for the Arabic as the vehicle of instruction. The college has been in operation some fifteen years. Great pains were taken by the professors to acquire the Arabic. Our American missionaries there have been among the most diligent and eminent scholars and authors in this language. The printing press at Beirut has issued millions of pages printed in a type which has delighted the readers of Arabic literature. Volumes from that press have been welcomed by negroes speaking this old Semitic tongue, who dwell far away across the dark continent.

Yet despite all this acquirement and promise of wide influence through this speech, vernacular to forty millions of people, the preference of the age, of young Syria and of the events which cast their shadow before, has been so great that the faculty of this college have been constrained now for two years past to change, and adopt the English language

as the basis of instruction. The experiment has been a success. A successful exhibition of orations for a prize closed the recent year of study. Rustem Pacha, who himself gave an admirable address in English, warmly complimented the students and their teachers. By the way, it is hopeful to hear an American Protestant like Prof. George E. Port speak so decidedly and cordially of the wisdom and efficiency of this Roman Catholic but Christian Governor. In a letter to the *Evangelist* he says of Lebanon: "Under its Christian Pachas, and especially under its present enlightened ruler, it is one of the best governed, most contented and happiest districts, not of Turkey merely, but of the world."

It is indeed wonderful how the English language is increasing in every part of the world. How important in this regard is it that those changes in the direction of orthography which have been suggested should be adopted. Cophonetic spelling would immensely lessen the difficulties which foreigners find in learning our tongue. Even those comparatively slight changes which have been specified by the Spelling Reform Association would materially help any learner, whether at home or abroad.

If our language is to be the vehicle of instruction to the young collegians in the far East, we may well rejoice that the instruction is given by men who are fully penetrated with the ideas and spirit that represent the present type of English and American Christianity.

Religion in Esse.

[Read before the Congregational Club by Rev. Joseph Rowell.]

What is religion?

First. Let us ask the world to answer. But they reply with many voices. They say:

1. "It is a profession whereby those who make it claim superiority over other people, and expect to advance their personal interests in the way of gain or social standing."

2. "It is a social bond like Masonry and kindred societies, intended for mutual aid and fellowship." Or,

3. "It is a salve for a sore conscience, a remedy for fear of future suffering, a spiritual nerve to allay the pain of guilt." Or,

4. "It is a priest's device for fleecing the people, enabling a favored few to live and revel at the expense of the many." Or,

5. "It is a cloak for hypocrites, a mask for villainy." Or,

6. "It is a cheap comfort for women and fools."

Secondly. What is the church goer's idea of religion?

1. It is a badge of respectability, a sort of social necessity, a means of securing a good reputation among the better classes of society. Or,

2. It is a pass to a series of low-priced lectures and other literary and social entertainments. Or,

3. It is an unavoidable nuisance which compels men, that they may escape the imputation of wickedness, the taint of heathenism, or charge of illiberality, to spend time in uncongenial company and employment, and money, which ought to buy personal enjoyment, in supporting a set of drones, leeches and schemes of pretended philanthropy.

Thirdly. What is many a church-member's conception of religion? He thinks of it:

1. As an insurance against eternal fire, a means of escaping hell and gaining heaven. Or,

2. As a round of duties, an observance of a set of pious rules, a voluntary assumption of a series of burdens and crosses, all inconvenient and burdensome, some of them painful, but all necessary to present good standing and future salvation.

To such people religion is worth something, but it is rather a costly blessing.

Fourthly. What is the highest idea which many a true Christian has of religion?

It is a sweet and profitable experience. It introduces him to the Fatherhood of God, the guidance and consolation of the Spirit and the saving grace of the Lord Jesus. It brings him also into pleasant companionship with many choice souls and minds, to his own instruction, elevation and rich enjoyment. It opens unspeakable treasures of wisdom and comfort in the Book of God. It solves for him the grand secret of life, and makes him consciously an heir of immortality. It is rest in weariness, riches in poverty, light in darkness, victory in conflict, the destruction of doubt, the overcoming of temptation, the uprooting of earthliness, and the attainment of purity and fellowship with God. It brings all things of earth into subjection to his joy and profit, and adds assurance of hope of perfect being and blessedness in a bright, pure world forever. A wonderfully pre-

cious experience, is pure religion to the true child of God.

But what is religion? In a word, it is God's life planted and growing in a human soul and life. Anything that comes short of this is not true religion. It exists and possesses a human soul by the direct act of God. It is a true creation of God, not in the primary sense of formation out of nothing, but in the actual birth of a new life and nature. So Christ calls it being "born again" and "born from above." And Paul says: "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature," or, "it is a new creation," it matters not which way we render the phrase. He adds also the strong assertion that in Christ nothing avails but "a new creature." Such terms are positive and admit of no abatement of their natural meaning. No man, then, is a true Christian or has any true religion in whom God has not created this new nature. "Except a man be born of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." The only essential difference between the regenerate and the unregenerate person is that the one has and the other has not, the true life of God created in his soul.

But this life of God in the soul is a thing of degrees. It may be that the first Adam was created mature, but no child of his was ever so born. And certainly the "Son of God" was "begotten" mature, but no other child of God was ever so born. Indeed, this new life in man is a spark so small sometimes that no eye but God's can see it. But if it be really kindled, it is bound to flame up so that no one can fail to see it. It is "seed cast into the ground," which "springs and grows up night and day, man knoweth not how." But it really grows, and at some time will get ripe, and then he that has God's life in him will have become one with God.

It is not in my way now to say anything about the process of regeneration, or of man's cooperation with God in it. But if this theory of the nature of religion be true, some other things are true which we ought not to forget. One of these is found in Christ's charge to his apostles, "Go ye; disciple all nations." The grand business of all true Christians ought to be to win souls to Christ. What are we doing? What are ministers and churches about? A dead world waits resurrection, and God is waiting for human agents in the work. And shall we devote our time and strength to dialectics and doctrines, ambitious schemes and emulations, party strife and personal advantage, while the whole valley round us is full of dry bones waiting for the breath of God in response to our prophesying? One grand end ought to be ever before every minister, church and Christian—the conversion of souls to God. Other things are of importance, but this is the great thing. Secure this, and souls are saved; secure all else besides this and they are lost, and the difference is heaven or hell.

Another thing. There is a strong tendency in preachers and churches to put undue stress on culture and education, which ought to be resisted. It is impossible to educate sinners into the kingdom of God. Culture is for Christians, not sinners. That farmer is a fool who cultivates weeds, that they may be better wheat when they become wheat. That is not the way wheat is grown. And that minister is a fool who hopes to reform sinners into Christians. This is not the way men become Christians. Our one message to sinners is that of John and Jesus, "Repent, for the kingdom of God is at hand." Culture is for Christians, but conversion for sinners, and as to the comparative importance of the two we are told that the Shepherd leaves ninety-nine saved ones to hunt in the wilderness for one that is lost. The system of saving men by culture leads to formality and worldliness in the church, and lulls sinners into false security, under the idea that they are doing pretty well and are likely to come out right at last, and so damns their soul.

What all men need is religion, and religion is nothing short of God's life created in the soul and life of man. The man who has it is on the road to heaven, but he who has it not is in the way to hell. They who have it need care and culture, but they will be saved at last, even if they are neglected a little; but they who have it not are every moment exposed to "everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord."

In an able article on the "Servant Girl Question," in *Scribner* for July, S. B. H. writes as follows: It is always a good policy, if nothing more, to be courteous to servants, to recognize little voluntary acts of politeness on their part. Done in the right way it never makes a rule less stringent, but always less galling. And it is always the worst possible policy to scold. Quiet and dignified reproof, of course, must be given, but scolding never. Nothing that cannot be effected without scolding was ever effected with it, unless it be the silent contempt of the servant for her mistress.

Home Missionary Cal.

Conducted by J. H. Warren, D.D.

Office: No. 7 Montgomery Ave., San Francisco.

Field Notes.

We print this week interesting notes from two or three of our outlying fields, showing how, in the midst of great obstacles, an advance along the line is reported.

May, 1880.

Yesterday, the 16th, closed the first quarter of our work in Valley. We hardly know how to sum up the total of results. There are so many things to be taken into consideration; some which are encouraging, others which are discouraging. I think upon the whole we are on the advance. There seems to be an increasing interest at most of the points where we are holding meetings. Our out point, one which we have only been able to reach irregularly, is one of especial interest. Yesterday we preached to a crowded house of attentive hearers, many of whom were deeply affected. But there is this to regret, that they can only have preaching once a month, on which occasion we must drive fifteen miles after service at 10½ o'clock a. m., eating our lunch as we are on the way. We are going to try and organize a Sunday-school at this point. At some of the other points, indeed all of them, there is much to contend with, some things which are to be regretted, coming from the source they do; others which might be expected and for which we should be prepared. The M. E.'s have established an appointment at one of our preaching points on the hour our people formerly held, so we are obliged to preach once in the morning at eleven a. m., and in two weeks at evening, thus making our services irregular. We have an organization here, but they, none. At — where the larger organization is, we can only preach once a month, the M. E. and Episcopal churches using the other days. At — we have a great deal to overcome. Like all mining towns, in whole or part, there is a rough element and a large and influential class who are opposed to meetings and religious influences. Then we have a large Catholic population who are decidedly aggressive and take occasion to counteract, as far as they can, all Protestant teachings. On last Sunday the priest told his hearers, some of whom were children in the habit of attending our Sunday-school, to go out and witness a ball game instead of attending our S. S. Then he went to the saloon and called all he could around him and treated them to beer and cigars. Truly, Satan goeth about seeking whom he may destroy. Pray for us that we may have wisdom and grace to overcome the evil one. Still, here our services are as well attended as could be expected. At — we have nothing more than ordinary to contend with, and have a large class of young people to preach to, from which we hope to organize a church soon. Our pastoral visits are few, because we have no means of conveyance except we hire at the livery, and this is attended with more expense than we can afford. We have to pay \$1.50 to \$2.50 each Sunday for a team or horse to reach our appointments, and from eight to ten per month for house rent to which, when we add the expense of living, we have nothing left. We shall commence building when the weather settles. We have not fully determined whether to build a church or a parsonage yet, but one will be built this season.

This report comes rather late, but you must remember that we are farther north, and so spring and summer are usually later in their development in these latitudes. Our winter was an exceptional one. Stormy weather and impassable roads demoralized our forces so that, as a church, we were seldom together. Spring came in name only, or rather, it is here now, in the middle of summer. Our financial account has been straightened, with some sacrifice on my part, but I feel that our people have done as well as they can, taking circumstances into account. There is but little money in circulation here. The Government land has recently come into market, and there has been a rush to secure it. A great many have had to borrow money to do this. Add to this another factor—the prevailing hard times everywhere—and you will have enough to convince you that money is a thing often wished for than possessed. Consequently, in reckoning up the amount received, we take into account everything that has a value, and hereby give a receipt in full to the little church in —.

As we have been requested to remain, we only hold ourselves in allegiance to this request until we can learn the decision of the A. H. M. S. in regard to aid for another year. There is no desire on my part to withhold the one great fact that there are disagreements—disagreements which proceed from our somewhat scattered membership (this is being remedied), from the nativity of the majority of the people, from sectarianism, and from financial reasons before stated. On the other hand, there are encouragements. There is a disposition on the part of our little flock to make their influence felt in the community. The sisters are devising methods which, I trust, will prove a blessing to all. Another hopeful feature of my work is found in my auxiliaries, or outstations. They comprise three — — —. The first named includes fifteen families, besides, as is usual everywhere in the state, a goodly number of bachelors. At C — there are several New England families and their descendants, and my work is very encouraging. There are available for church purposes twenty families. L —

Valley is adjacent to C —. It is a valley whose average width is about two miles, by fourteen long. The only church organization here is the M. E. Church North and South. The former own forty acres of land, and have a small, tumble-down building, made of split lumber. The land is unfenced. Last year their minister gave up this place as a preaching station, as there were too many Southern people. The building has been used by both wings of the church. The only service that they have had for a year past is one sermon a month by a local preacher, who resides on the coast, twenty-five miles away. I am to preach, by invitation, next Sabbath afternoon, besides morning and evening, at C —. I am also requested to preach regularly. With these two auxiliaries I cannot but believe (with God's blessing) that another year will present a better showing for the field in membership, in means of support, in spiritual increase. It is a waste and desert land, but God's blessing can turn it into a fruitful vale. I am almost afraid to start to build a church. The crops, in this valley, owing to unfavorable weather, are lighter than ever before. Rather than to incur a debt, I think we had better wait another year. Besides the report elsewhere, we have been the recipients of a trunk from the First Church, San Francisco. For me to set the value is a task so delicate that I shrink from it. Many of the articles are of a kind that we have never purchased, and have no means of estimating their cost. That they were worth more than their actual cost to me, I frankly acknowledge. We are more than grateful to our kind friends for them. *

Religious Intelligence.

California.

BAY ASSOCIATION.—The next meeting of the Bay Association will be held at the Pacific Office, No. 7 Montgomery Avenue, on Monday, July 12th, at 11 o'clock a. m. Sermon by Rev. A. L. Rankin; Alternate, Dr. Stone. Review, Rev. John Kimball; alternate, Rev. T. Beazley. Essay, by Rev. T. K. Noble; alternate, Rev. J. J. Powell. Text for Plans, Job xvii: 9: "The righteous also shall hold on his way, and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." H. E. JEWETT, Scribe.

C. W. Broadbent Esq. presented the subject, "Fourth of July Celebrations" at the last meeting of the Congregational Club. Amidst the patriotic celebrations that were going on at the time in our city, the consideration of this subject was quite *apropos*, and those present celebrated by singing "America."

There will be no meeting of the Club next Monday.

On Monday, July 19th, Rev. M. Post will present the following question at the Club. "Is it safe and wise for our government to permit such vast numbers of persons from foreign countries (other than Asiatic) to immigrate to this country?"

Dr. Warren preached a sermon at the First church last Sunday morning, appropriate to the day.

Rev. W. C. Pond on the same day took up an appropriate subject under the title "Christ, the Nation's Life."

Rev. W. E. Ijams has returned from a six weeks' vacation, which he spent in a pleasant trip, going as far east as Iowa City, Iowa.

Four persons have been received lately into the Mariners' church in this city.

There were four additions to the Alameda church at the last communion—three by letter and one by profession.

From Riverside, Bro. Cross reports three additions to the church at last communion, and "our congregations keep up better than common during the warm weather."

From the San Bernardino Index we learn that the Congregational church at San Bernardino was crowded to overflowing, on Sunday evening, June 27th, by an attentive audience, in attendance upon the Sunday-school Concert. The exercises, which were mostly by the children, were of an interesting and impressive character. "Feed my lambs," a song and recitations by eleven young girls, was of such a character and so well rendered by the little Misses, as to be especially attractive and beautiful. The main concert exercise was devoted to Temperance. A frame-work trimmed with evergreens and flowers stood upon the platform, and as the scholars came forward, two by two, and recited appropriate passages of scripture, each brought a printed motto, which was hung upon the frame, the whole, when complete, representing the two paths, one ending in "Life" the other in "Death," and surrounded by the words, "Choose ye." The audience was very attentive and manifested their appreciation by a liberal contribution for the benefit of the school, amounting to upwards of ten dollars.

Good news comes from Rio Vista. After the sermon on a recent Sabbath, our worthy brother, Rev. E. F. Dismore, the pastor of the church, called for subscriptions to the A. B. C. F. M. and secured pledges and contributions amounting to \$102. This amount represents much self-denial in Jesus' name. The largest single subscription was ten dollars.

A recent sermon by Mr. P. Coombs of the Theological Seminary, at Redwood City on "Science and the Bible," is very highly spoken of.

The Stockton Independent of July 3rd has an extended account of the anniversary of the Stockton Chinese Mission, which took place at the Congregational church in that city on Sunday, June 27th. We extract the following: "The total expense for the year has been \$522.65, of which \$70.35 were contributed by Stockton, and the balance was supplied by the California Chinese Mission. Of the contributions made here, \$53.10 came from

the Chinese the been continued intermission. enrolled is 90. rolled month by ent number is for the year. 20 Twelve of the Christians, of past year. T consisted of r members of the English by Ho er, which was called forth at unexpected ap which followe the State So of San Francis which deserve Chinese missio vacy of C Mission simply fact that the C If they are to s Christianized, as theirs; and means they sh sent back bett sons need not sion, lest they on the political is that these s "making education bey pupils to read learn the way more than this higher branche own expense."

Other.

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METHODIST. Meeting has a Rev. Dr. Jew rennial M. E. change with Newton.—T dedicated on J

EPISCOPAL.—ficiating at St. —Rev. Mr. has been taku Valley.

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FROM MISS the Gilbert Is kets and sw on the 11th of received into Marash, in T been blessed poorer than the missionar throngingu ing in Turke recent slight ship in Austi mitted to tak with them.— China, 28 pe church Janu been a prie 5,255 church there are now

My Good June 23th yo politicians in appointment of this Port.

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A Christian every step of world know knows the w

the Chinese themselves. The school has been continued the entire year without intermission. The total number of pupils enrolled is 90. The average number enrolled month by month is 30. The present number is 35. Average attendance for the year, 20; for the last month, 25. Twelve of the pupils are believed to be Christians, of whom 6 joined during the past year. The anniversary exercises consisted of recitations and singing by members of the school, and an address in English by Hong Sing, the Chinese helper, which was very distinctly uttered and called forth at its close a little burst of unexpected applause. In the remarks which followed, of the Secretary of the State Society, Rev. W. C. Pond of San Francisco, two points were made, which deserve notice. One was that Chinese mission work involves no advocacy of Chinese immigration. The Mission simply takes cognizance of the fact that the Chinese are here, and says: If they are to stay they must certainly be Christianized; for our own sakes as well as theirs; and if they are to "go," by all means they should be Christianized and sent back better than they came. Persons need not be afraid to share the Mission, lest they contradict their sentiments on the political question. The other point is that these schools are "Gospel institutions"—making no attempt to give an education beyond such as will enable the pupils to read our English Bibles, and learn the way of life. If they desire more than this, and wish to advance to higher branches, it must be done at their own expense.

Other Denominations.

PRESBYTERIAN.—St. John's Presbyterian church in this city has welcomed back its pastor Rev. Dr. Scott after a short vacation at sea. The voyage has greatly benefited the Doctor. —Mr. W. H. Darden of the San Francisco Theological Seminary is supplying the church at Two Rocks during his vacation. —The ladies of the First Presbyterian church of Pacheco recently gave a social at which 300 persons were reported present.

METHODIST.—The Methodist Preachers' Meeting has adjourned for a month. —Rev. Dr. Jewell preached at the Centennial M. E. church Oakland, in exchange with its pastor, Rev. George Newton. —The church at Lompoc was dedicated on June 20th.

EPISCOPAL.—Rev. Dr. Barstow is officiating at St. Peter's church in this city. —Rev. Mr. Lines of St. Luke's church has been taking a vacation in Yosemite Valley.

Eastern and Foreign.

NOTES.—Dr. Geo. R. Crooks, aged fifty-eight and a ripe scholar, has been elected to the chair of Historical Theology in Drew (M. E.) Theological Seminary. —Among deaths to be noted is that of Rev. S. K. Brown, missionary to China and afterwards to Japan. He brought Yung Wing to Monsen, Mass. He was chairman of the Committee on the translation of the Bible into Japanese. Also of Rev. Mr. Doolittle, who was also missionary to China, and the author of a valuable book on that country. —Prof. F. L. Patton, of Chicago, will give one of the Monday Lectures in Boston next winter. —The Reformed church Synod had a debate on the question of Free Masonry. The deliverance of the Synod was non-committal. —In Sweden a man by the name of Waldenstrom has wrought much confusion on the subject of the atonement, and it is said he is coming to America to stir up his Lutheran brethren here. —The death of George Merriam of Springfield, Mass., removes a man of great service as well as love to the kingdom of Christ. —Eight students of Talladega College, Ala., (colored) enter the Congregational ministry and will labor in the South.

FROM MISSION FIELDS.—The war on the Gilbert Islands has ceased and muskets and swords have been broken, and on the 11th of January 140 persons were received into one of the churches. —At Marash, in Turkey, the Protestants have been blessed in giving to those who were poorer than themselves and the hands of the missionaries are full in caring for the thronging inquirers. —Famine is increasing in Turkey. —Notwithstanding the recent slight concession to liberty of worship in Austria, dissenters are not permitted to take their children to meeting with them. —At Pang Chia, in North China, 28 persons were received to the church January 11th, one of them had been a priest. —In 1866, there were 5,255 church-members in Madagascar, there are now 70,000.

MY GOOD PACIFIC: In your issue of June 23th you took your points from the politicians in reference to the President's appointment of J. M. Morton as Surveyor of this Port.

Mr. Morton, instead of being an Eastern man, is a Western, a California citizen. He has made it his headquarters for nearly eleven years. Has voted here for eight years. Has children born here—the eldest is nearly six years old; has owned real estate in this city for about six years, and is well qualified by business habits and experience for the position to which our worthy President appointed him, a privilege he was entitled to as his own personal choice and earnest desire. Action was taken on the President's nominations sent in just before the adjournment of Congress; for instance, that of our worthy citizen, E. L. Sullivan, for Collector; but, at the same time, Mr. Morton's was not acted upon, and our politicians stultified themselves in their opposition, not showing one good, substantial reason therefor. Yours truly, FOR THE RIGHT.

A Christian must be a man of faith every step of the way. One whom the world knows not, though he so well knows the world. —Cecil.

Oregon Department.

CHAPLAIN R. S. STUBBS, Oregon Editor.

A Trip to the Dalles, Oregon.

June 26, 1880.

At 5 A. M. left Portland, Oregon, for the Dalles, on the magnificent steamer *S. R. Reed*. A remarkable freshet had raised the waters of the Willamette over forty feet above low-water mark; blending, in humid confusion, the rivers and lagoons, and converting vast arable spaces and planted fields and fertile meadows into an immense lake, as far as the eye could reach.

"Water to the right of us!
Water to the left of us!
Water ahead of us!
Water astern of us!
Swift through the waters rode our passengers unnumbered."

Our passage to the Lower Cascades landing, carried us through some of the grandest mountain and river scenery in the world. The Palisades, between New York and Albany, on the Hudson, present some features resembling the geological characteristics of the basaltic walls through which, for about two hundred miles, this majestic Columbia flows; but those walls scarcely bear a comparison with these lofty mountains, which sentinel this broad highway to the cereal empires of the Oregon, Idaho and Washington Territory countries.

Cape Horn, Rooster Rock, Castle Rock, and the lofty domes at the Cascade Pass range from 500 to 3,000 feet in altitude!

Numerous water-falls disported their silvery sheen in the dazzling sunlight of that beautiful day. Some of them awakened regrets in mill-men and practical men of other classes, by their suggestions of power running to waste; others, of more graceful and ethereal volume and curve, arouse the aesthetic sentiments of passers-by. One, in particular, rivals the celebrated "Bridal Veil" of the Yosemite.

A portage of seven miles conveyed us, by cars, to the Upper Cascades. The track lies in close proximity to the beetling banks, between which the river, in wild, resounding, foaming, boiling fury rushes to a larger freedom beyond, and to a rest in the welcoming bosom of the Pacific.

On the Oregon shore may be seen immense bodies of rock, thrown up by laborers to serve as a sea-wall for the canal which is being cut through very intractable rock for the on-coming fleets of steamers and barges, so soon to be used for the direct and more economical transportation of the immense stores of wheat and wool which are annually seeking European markets, independently of the Golden Gate. Huge derricks stand unemployed, and other indications show how serious the interruption caused by the high water.

A trip of some forty miles by the steamer, through varying, but continuous and magnificent piles of rock—presenting perplexing, if not unaccountable, geological outlines, angles of dip, etc.—and we reach the city called the Dalles.

Here, some years ago, the United States Government paid the Methodist Episcopal Missionary Society some \$30,000 for a site for a military post. Since that time an irritating law-suit has been carried on by said Society, against the land-holders now living within the limits of what is claimed as the quarter-section originally granted by the United States Land Office to the Methodists, as a Mission grant.

This contest has produced great dislike to those who have attempted to uphold the Methodist Mission claim. In conversation, during this trip, leading citizens express themselves as confident that the recent decision of Judge Deady will be sustained by the United States Supreme Court, and thus the titles of present owners will be rendered valid, and annoyances will cease.

On our arrival we found the city all astir and united in efforts to meet the rising flood by necessary preparations, whereby business and travel may be interrupted as little as possible. But great derangements and much inconvenience, with serious damage to property also, must eventuate in any town built quite near a river which occasionally rises forty feet above low-water level. This was the case, on the 27th inst., at the Dalles.

After preaching to an interesting and attentive Congregational audience, we attended and addressed the Sabbath-school. Brother S. L. Brooks is the Superintendent. He evidently has the school well in hand and studies (*con amore*) the best methods to insure its efficiency and prosperity. Considering the "Esprit du corps," which seemed to animate all, and the punctuality and promptness of attendance and recitations, and also the general vivacity of song, we must say, *altogether*, the school should inscribe on her bow the suggestive word "Dulce;" and on her stern-boards, the word "Utile." BEAUTIFUL AND USEFUL.

This school raises, annually, and directly from the scholars, an average of \$200; i. e., over \$1.50 for each member, young and old, of those who attend—the average attendance being 120 out of 130. Over \$100 is spent each year for the requisite Sunday-school papers, lesson-leaves, etc.

A valuable and very useful stereopticon has been purchased at an outlay of \$390. By this instrument very instructive and profitable exhibitions are enjoyed by the Sabbath-school scholars and their friends. Of course there has to be system, without cumbersome machinery, to effect all these good things. Brother Brooks is systematic, and the pastor, Rev. D. B. Gray, is quite an originator, and the ladies are great executioners (?), and the classes are *enthusiastic*—thus the school is a power; a grand, moral educator; a success. Our visit will long be, to us, a refreshing memory. God bless this Sabbath-school.

One remarkable and suggestive fact I must mention for the guidance of any

who may be seeking a healthy country and a salubrious field. It is this: Although this school was organized in September, 1859, only one of the original teachers has deceased during the twenty-one years of its history! In the air of the Dalles there is health; in the work of the Sabbath-school there is the elixir of life and longevity. Au revoir.

CHAPLAIN R. S. STUBBS.

Foreign Missions.

[From the paper presented to the Congregational Association, Astoria, Or., June 19, 1880, by Rev. E. P. Baker, on "Foreign Missions," we give the following extracts:]

Worthy of note in connection with the foreign missionary enterprise is the way the Christianity of to-day is encountering and dealing with those various reactionary movements which ever and anon stem its onward advance—those eddy currents which so often margin the great river of God in its onward flow. It is not all advance in the great missionary procession which is now passing under our review—not all advance, either, in the van, which stands face to face with heathenism; or in the rear, which touches the base of supplies at home. There is occasional retrocession here, there and all along the line. Grant that such retrocession is at present observable in the Sandwich Islands; grant that it is being now determined what style of Christianity is destined to prevail in those islands, and whether the piety therein existent is to be held up to a genuine Gospel standard—the question is not regarding the gravity of the crisis which may be in that particular, and will sooner or later be in all, missionary fields, but how the Church is coming forward to it. The question is not whether the piety constructed out of heathen materials is not liable to be of an inferior and depreciated type, but whether the Church is not on the alert against such liability, and intelligently determined that missionary Christianity, with the divine help, shall suffer no serious deterioration, either in theology or morals. The question is, whether it is not as certain as anything human can be that the look of an evangelical Christendom, fastened upon churches planted in the midst of heathendom, will not prove to be more than a match for the traditional manners and habits of heathenism itself?

So, too, in our own land. Grant that the enthusiasm inspired by a new and romantic enterprise, such as the missionary work was fifty years ago, has passed away; grant that the narrative of missionary labor is an old story, and giving to missionary boards an old duty, has not the enthusiasm of principle proved to be more than a substitute for the erst enthusiasm of impulse (if such it was)? Is it not truly encouraging to note the way the onward Christianity of to-day is dealing with that reactionary inertia which a stationary Christianity knows nothing about, which the very onwardness of our Christianity has itself created, just as it is the stream itself which creates the eddies that margin its banks?

To carry abroad a Gospel which was long ago charged with turning the world upside down—but which really does this, viz., coming to a world which is by sin turned wrong side up, turns it right side up—is a mission on which we are bidden to go forth, not only by the words "Go teach all nations," but even by the voice of the times themselves. There is nothing that can be named which takes hold of the world of human history with such an imperial and almost remorseless grip as the foreign missionary work. And our position and influence (that of the Pacific coast) touching the future of Christianity and human progress is altogether peculiar. We, as the representatives of the highest style of civilization the world has as yet seen, are at present occupying the furthest point as yet attained by that movement, which, begun by Abraham nearly 5,000 years ago, when he crossed the Euphrates, has been ever since slowly sweeping the longitudes, going in the direction of the setting sun. Over against us is naught else but a watery waste, stretching backward into the gloomy invisibility of an insular barbarism and an oriental moon civilization. We are no longer upon the stream of human progress exactly, and being borne on by it, but in the midst of the great maelstrom thereof, where we meet other streams, where come to us the ends of the earth (and dwelling on this coast, it is truly hard telling what is not coming to us). Those old words of the prophet, as applied to ourselves, are but the enunciation of hard, every-day facts: "The forces of the Gentiles shall come to thee" (and even the rans of Nebiath as well).

What sort of a Christianity shall be developed in this world's *Ultima Thule*? Here is for us the question of questions. Shall it be, or rather, shall it not be, the simple and pure Christianity of Peter, Paul and John—a Christianity which, while attempting great and high things, is yet willing, as a means to an end, to handle little and lowly things—a Christianity which, to gain for the Master, is only too glad to lose for itself?

So from the ruins of the world alone Can heaven be builded! Oh, What other temples must be overthrown, Founded on sand and snow!

But heaven cannot be built with jeweled hands. Then from my own I bring Glitter of gold—the gifts of many lands; The seas their pearls I fling.

Heaven must be hung with pictures of the dead;

Shall robe must robe the saint. Never one halo round a living head. Did Raphael dare to paint.

Heaven must have flowers, after the worm has crossed

Their bluish, the wind their breath; After the utter silence of the frost Has made them white in death.

Heaven must have music, but the birds that sing

In that divinest nest Thither must waver, wounded in the wing, Wounded in the breast.

Heaven must be lighted at the fallen light Of moon and star and sun; Ah me! since these have made the earth too bright, Let the dark will be done.

Absentee Members.

[An Essay by Mrs. S. C. Hatch, of Salem, Or., read before the Congregational Association at Astoria, Oregon, June 19, 1880.]

"The Treatment of absentee members by our Churches" is a matter that solicits our careful consideration.

If action is to be taken by the churches, it is well if we have some definite idea of their power and authority. Each church is composed of individual members. The word members suggests a close, a vital relationship; and the spiritual life of each goes to make up that mysterious manifestation we call the life of the church. The strength of every organization among men lies not alone in the homogeneity and cohesive power of the individual parts, but in the fact that it embodies some principle or exhibits an incarnation of some vitalized faculty that men feel to be attractive.

Their growth depends more upon its perfect assimilation than upon the amount of material taken in. There has been in all eyes and among all nations a demand for rites and ceremonies that afford means for the cultivation and expression of the faculty for worship. The central idea around which all churches, ancient and modern, crystallize, is, worship: just as naturally it comes to pass, that the men who administer the rites grow to be interpreters of their significance, and so to exercise their authority over the worshippers. In all the old, strong churches, obedience is the key that unlocks the door of entrance and clasps the band of membership. Following this idea, the Roman Catholic church makes the head of her clergy an impersonation of wisdom and power. In the later Episcopal churches the same thought prevails. The Bishops or the Fathers have laid down the rules, and whosoever is not obedient thereto, loses membership. There is such a charm in submitting to as well as in exercising power, that we need never wonder at the large following in Episcopal churches. Some other denominations make obedience to some doctrine, rite or observance a test of membership. They base their demand for obedience on some interpretation of Scripture by their leaders.

We confess to advantages not to be despised, of definite standards by which to judge in matters of church government.

In modes of worship, Congregationalism bows with other modern churches. It is in the relation of the members to one another that she differs. Christ's saying, "One is your master, even Christ, and ye are brethren." (Matt. xxiii: 8) is perhaps a fair statement of her ecclesiastical polity. Instead of a demand for obedience to this or that formula, she seeks to bind her children to such a conception of the personal purity and loving service exacted of Christ's followers, with so distinct a recognition of their individual independence, that we often fail to grasp the complexity idea.

The members of a church ought to be, (as in truth they are) such persons as can grow to be, or now are, in (entire) harmony with its creed and polity. The relation of each member to his church claims more attention than it usually receives. Too many, for trivial reasons, slide from one household of faith to another, and so fail of steadfastness; while occasionally a faithful soul clings to his first choice after the far larger part of his sympathies with its beliefs and usages has died out.

Look over your own congregation, friend Pastor, and how many do you find that hold themselves as living members? How often the church is spoken of, by those who suppose themselves a part of it, as a foreign body to be criticised or neglected—made much of, or forsaken as the mood suits. I asked a young man "what church he was a member of," and he replied "I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal, but I really belong to the Presbyterian." Such a situation is not favorable to the formation of a sincere, energetic character. I can fancy a person with no decided prepossession in favor of any one denomination standing in doubt when the desire to unite with Christ's people is felt. He will often ask, Where shall I be most at home, and in which shall I find the true motherhood? By and by we realize that it is in our own adoption that the home feeling comes. The motherhood of the church is the reflection of our own filial affection. When the sense of this responsive feeling is clear, there is no doubt of a living relationship between the individual and the church. It is because this perfect assimilation does not always follow adhesion (?) or the joining, that our difficulties about absentees perplex us. Our church rolls ought to be, in some sense, a true index to the condition of the church. Empty names are of no value; and yet, since every absentee's name represents a person who came into the church hoping, as we believe, to become a part of it, the greatest care should be taken to ascertain the true position of each person.

It is alleged that Congregational churches have but three modes of orderly exit—dismissal to a sister church, death, or excommunication. Our absentees are persons who without, perhaps, meaning to be disorderly, have found or are supposed to be seeking other means of exit. They are divided into two classes: those who are absent in body, but still interchange tokens of remembrance with the church, and that more perplexing class who, whether within reach of the church or not, seem disaffected, or have become indifferent to those ideas which the church represents.

The first class are absentee members, and must be cared for and advised with all the wisdom the church affords. It is surely better and generally possible for such persons to take letters, and so maintain a living relation; but all the circumstances

(Concluded on Eighth Page.)

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For the half year ending this date, the Board of Directors of THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY has declared a dividend on Term Deposits at the rate of six (6) per cent. per annum, and on Ordinary Deposits at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum, free from Federal Taxes, and payable on and after the 15th day of July, 1880. By order, GEORGE LETTE, Secretary. 1mo

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The Children's Corner.

The Last Battle of the Revolution.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

Dr. Alexander Anderson, the father of wood engraving in this country, died in Jersey City, in 1870, a few weeks before his ninety-fifth birthday. He was born in New York two days after the skirmish of Lexington, and had vivid recollections of some of the closing incidents of the Revolution in that city. From his lips the writer heard many narratives of those stirring scenes. One of them was an account of the last battle of the Revolution, of which young Anderson, then a boy about eight years of age, was an eye witness.

Anderson's parents lived near the foot of Murray street, not far from the Hudson river. There were very few houses between them and Broadway. Opposite Anderson's dwelling was a boarding house kept by a man named Day. His wife was a comely, strongly built woman, about forty years of age, and possessed a brave heart. She was an ardent Whig, and having courage to her convictions, she never concealed her sentiments.

On the morning of the day (November 25th, 1783,) when the British troops were to evacuate the city of New York, and leave America independent, Mrs. Day unfurled her country's flag over her dwelling. The British claimed the right to hold possession of the city until noon on that day. Cunningham, the notorious British Provost-Marshal, was informed of this impudent display of the "rebel banner" in the presence of the British troops, and sent a sergeant to order it to be taken down. Mrs. Day refused compliance.

At about nine o'clock in the morning, while young Anderson was sitting on the porch of his father's house, and Mrs. Day was quietly sweeping in front of her own, he saw a burly-faced British officer, in full uniform, with a powdered wig, walking rapidly down the street. He halted before Mrs. Day, and roughly inquired:

"Who hoisted that rebel flag?"

"I raised that flag," coolly answered Mrs. Day, looking the angry officer full in the face.

"Pull it down!" roared the Briton.

"I shall not do it," firmly answered Mrs. Day.

"You don't know who I am," angrily growled the officer.

"Yes, I do," said the courageous woman.

Cunningham (for it was he) seized the halyards, and attempted to pull the flag, when Mrs. Day flew at him with her broom and beat him so severely over the head that he knocked off his hat, and made the powder fly from his wig. "I saw it shine like a dim nimbus around his head in the morning sun," said Anderson.

Cunningham was an Irishman, detested by everybody for his cruelty to American prisoners in his charge. Mrs. Day had often seen him. He stormed, and swore, and tugged in vain at the halyards, for they had become entangled; and Mrs. Day applied her broomstick so vigorously that the blustering Provost-Marshal was finally compelled to beat a retreat, leaving the American flag floating in triumph in the crisp November air over the well-defended Day castle.

This was the last battle between the British and Americans in the old war for independence.—*Young People.*

Queen Victoria's First View of Her Queenly Future.

King George IV died, which brought the Princess a step nearer to the throne, and there was no longer any reasonable prospect that King William could have children to succeed him. Thus the child of Kensington Palace became beyond all doubt the next in succession. And she herself was only twelve, and her nearest English relative was not of a character to reassure her friends. In these circumstances a bill was brought into Parliament to make the Duchess of Kent Regent in case her daughter should be called upon to ascend the throne before she came of age. When these public precautions were taken it was thought necessary to inform the little girl herself of her true position—that she was not merely one of a band of princes and princesses, the younger members of the family, but the first among them, the future head of the race. She was in the midst of her daily lessons—somewhat surprised, it would seem, at the grave work required from her, which was not expected from the other princesses—when this great intimation was made to her. The story is told in a letter from her governess, the Baroness Selwyn, to the Queen, written in 1854, and apparently recalling to her the incidents of her youth:

"I ask your Majesty leave to cite some remarkable words of your Majesty's when only twelve years old, when the Regency Bill was in progress. I then said to the Duchess of Kent that now, for the first time, your Majesty ought to know your place in the succession. Her Royal Highness agreed with me, and I put the genealogical table into the historical book. When Mr. Davys [the Queen's instructor after the Bishop of Peterborough] was gone, the Princess Victoria opened the book again as usual, and seeing the additional paper, said, 'I never saw that before.' 'It was not thought necessary that you should, Princess,' I answered. 'I see I am nearer the throne than I thought.' 'So it is, madam,' I said. After a few moments the Princess resumed: 'Now many a child would boast, but they don't know the difficulty. There is much splendor, but there is much responsibility.' The Princess, having lifted up the forefinger of her right hand while she spoke, gave me that little hand, saying: 'I will be good. I understand now why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. My cousins Augusta and Mary never did, but you told me Latin is the

foundation of English grammar, and of all the elegant expressions, and I learned it as you wished it, but I understand all better now'; and the little Princess gave me her hand, repeating, 'I will be good.'—*Harper's Magazine for July.*

Gen. Grant and the Butcher.

All sorts of legends gather round the names of great men—even during their lifetime. A curious one, of the sort that always pass into "folklore," and remain there, is told of Gen. Grant in the Cincinnati Commercial by a Columbus (O.) correspondent. An ex-Congressman of Ohio says that the General himself related the following story to him just before he became President of the United States:

"When I was a boy," said Grant, "living in Georgetown, my mother was out of butter one morning, and needing some before it could be had at the store, she sent over to the next-door neighbor's to borrow some."

"I was just as well acquainted there as I was at home, almost, and opened the door and went in without knocking; and just as I went in, one of the folks—the old gentleman, I believe—was reading a letter from a son who was in West Point. I didn't want to disturb them while they were reading the letter, and stood there and heard what was read."

"Well, the son said in this letter that he had been found—that is, he had failed to pass examination, and he would have to come home, and he had sent the letter one mail ahead, so that the surprise at his return might not be so great."

"When they got through, I borrowed the butter and took it home, and then rushed down to Thomas L. Hamar's office—his was our Congressman then—and I asked him if he wouldn't send me to West Point."

"He told me that he couldn't send me until this other boy got through, and that wouldn't be for three years yet."

"But, Hamar," said I, "suppose this boy should fail to pass examination and would be sent home, will you send me then?"

"Well, Uly," said he, "I guess if he can't pass, there'd be no use of your trying it."

"But I want you to promise that you will send me," said I.

"All right," said he; "if he can't get through, I promise to let you try it." Well, during the day, Hamar learned about the other fellow, and the next day I went and asked if he had heard the news. He said he had, and after laughing at me for the way I had got him to make the promise, he said it was all right, I should go.

"I went; and because my mother happened to be out of butter has made me General of the Army of the United States, and I don't know, after all, but it may make me President."

Bright Things.

The society lady never sheds tears. She knows enough to keep her powder dry.

When you give alms, there are two who know all about it—the Master of the Treasury and the giver.

Why is a Zulu belle like a prophet of old? Because she has not much on 'er in her own country.

Young Leopold can boast, when he returns home, that he saw what no English prince ever saw before.

A Meriden man has a Bible 142 years old. Strange how long a Bible may be made to last by temperate usage.

Color-blindness was never more strongly developed than in the man who takes a brown silk umbrella instead of a green gingham one.

The worst case of "stage fright" is that of the man who thinks he has passed up a two dollar and a-half gold piece instead of a dime to the driver.

Because strawberries are small, it does not follow that there are more of them to the quart, for the quart is frequently made smaller to match the strawberries.

Guard: "Now, miss, jump in; train going right on." Child: "But I can't go until I've kissed mamma." Guard: "Jump in, miss; I'll see to that."

Herbert Spencer writes to a New York friend that he has passed his sixtieth year, but still goes up stairs two steps at a time. This looks as if Mrs. Spencer was pretty handy with the broom.

Daniel O'Connell once met a conceited literary friend, and said: "I saw a capital thing in your last pamphlet." "Did you?" eagerly replied his delightful listener; "what was it?" "A pound of butter."

A Boston lawyer recently met his match in a witness who was giving evidence about an old lady's loss of mind. Lawyer: "Did she look as I am looking at you now, for instance?" Witness: "Well, yes, quite vacant-like."

A young lady who came in last week for kitchen help said, with a sigh, and a wring of her dainty-gloved hands, "Oh, I do hope we'll get one soon; for it does almost break my heart to see mother wash dishes with her rheumatism, too."—*McGregor News.*

Some students in a Maine university were scolding the janitor for remissness, and assured him that if he did not mend his ways he would go to the bad place. "And what will you do there?" said they. With a chuckle, the janitor replied, "Wait upon students, same as I do here, I s'pose."

"Sir," roared a man out in Nebraska, striding up to a neighbor, "Sir, you are a liar." "I am?" exclaimed the astonished neighbor. "How do you know I am?" "Because I know it; because I have found it out." "How long have you lived here?" "Six weeks." Neighbor, tranquilly nodding his head: "Oh, well, probably you do know it then. I didn't think you had been in town so long." There was no fight.

He was a stranger, but he entered with an air of confidence and handed us what he called a "joke." We examined it and told him it contained neither sense nor point, and that it was a pure piece of idiocy. "Well," he replied, reaching for his manuscript, "I have read your paragraphs for some time, and I thought you preferred them that way."

Professional pomposity is well taken off in the following anecdote: Shields doctor (looking learned and speaking slowly): "Well, mariner, which tooth do you want extracted? Is it the molar or incisor?" Jack (short and sharp): "It is in the upper tier, on the larboard side. Bear a hand, you swab, for it is nipping my jaw like a lobster!"

A Minister was questioning his Sunday-school concerning the story of Eutychus—the young man who, listening to the preaching of the Apostle Paul, fell asleep, and, falling down, was taken up dead. "What," he said, "do we learn from this solemn event?" when the reply from a little girl came pat and prompt: "Please, sir, ministers should learn not to preach too long sermons."

A lawyer—a small man—appearing as a witness in one of the courts, was asked by a gigantic barrister what profession he was; and having replied he was an attorney, "You a lawyer?" said the other, "Why, I can put you in my pocket!" "Very likely," rejoined the other; "and if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head!"

A Useful Joke.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were once walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, "Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes, and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them."

"My dear friend," answered the professor, "we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown-piece, if you have any, in each shoe, and then we will hide ourselves."

The student luckily having two pieces did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could watch the laborer, and whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work, and came across the field to the path where he left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of his shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the crown, turned it round, and looked again and again, then he looked around on all sides, but could see no one. Now, he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe, but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown. His feelings overcame him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children who, by some unknown hand, would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes.

"Now," said the professor, "are you not better pleased than if you had played the intended trick?"

A Parrot that Saved its Life by Religious Training.

Captain James Etchberger vouches for the following bird story told in the Baltimore News: About thirty years ago, when in Honduras, in command of the barque "Eldorado," his wife accompanying him, was presented with a parrot, a sprightly little bird and fluent discusser in the Spanish language. The bird was brought to Baltimore, where, when domiciled with the household of the captain, it soon acquired the knowledge of English. The next door neighbor of the captain was a garrulous woman—an incessant scold—forever quarrelling with something. Polly, being allowed full liberty was pleased to take an airing on the yard fence, and in a short time had learned to mimic the scolding neighbor to perfection, and finally became aggressive. The bird not infrequently rued its impertinence by being knocked off the fence with a broomstick. This brought forth a torrent of abuse from its injured feelings upon the head of its assailant. Finally the bird's language became so abusive that the captain was obliged to send it away, and Polly was transferred to a good Christian family in the country, where in the course of time it reformed, and became to some extent a bird of edifying piety. Some time ago, while it was sunning itself in the garden, a large hawk swooped down and bore the distressful parrot off as a prize. Its recent training came to its assistance, and at the top of its voice it shrieked, "Oh, Lord, save me! Oh, Lord, save me!" The hawk became so terrified at the unexpected cry, that he dropped his intended dinner, and soared away in the distance. Polly still survives the attempted abduction.—*The Little Gem.*

A NOVEL RIDDANCE FOR RATS.—An inventive genius filled a small tarleton sack with a spoonful of cayenne pepper, and tacked it over the rat hole. When the rat bounced out, his eyes were peppered by the sifting from the shaken sack. He squealed like a pig, and escaped. The whole tribe have since migrated.

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Annual Statement

—OF THE—

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Fire

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—OF—

HARTFORD, CONN.

Capital, \$1,250,000.00.

ABSTRACT OF STATEMENT, Jan. 1, 1880.

ASSETS.

Cash on hand, in Bank, and Cash Items, \$364,191.36

Cash in hands of Agents, and in course of transmission, 241,695.57

Rents and Accrued Interest, 31,876.72

Railroad Stocks, 117,900.00

Loans on Bond and Mortgage (first lien), 773,324.40

Bank Stock (market value), 969,811.06

Railroad Stocks, 117,900.00

State, City and Railroad Bonds, 326,654.25

United States Bonds, 273,492.00

\$3,456,020.90

SUMMARY.

Reserve for Re-insurance, \$1,110,629.26

All Outstanding Claims, 159,992.46

Net surplus as regards policy-holders over all liabilities, 2,185,399.18

\$3,456,020.90

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J. D. Browne, Secretary.

A. P. Flint,

MANAGER PACIFIC DEPARTMENT.

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Don't stop my paper, printer,
Don't strike my name off yet;
You know the times are stringent,
And dollars hard to get;
But tug a little harder
Is what I mean to do,
And scrape the dimes together—
Enough for me and you,
I can't afford to drop it;
I find it doesn't pay
To do without a paper,
However others may.
I hate to ask my neighbors
To give me theirs on loan;
They don't say so, but mean it—
"Why don't you take your own?"
You can't tell how we miss it,
If it by any fate
Should happen not to reach us,
Or come a little late;
Then all is in a hubbub,
And things go all awry.
And printer, if you're married
You know the reason why.
I cannot do without it,
It is no use to try;
For other people take it,
And, printer, so must I.
I, too, must keep me posted,
And know what's going on,
Or feel and be accounted
A foggy-sleepyton.
Then take it kindly, printer,
If pay be somewhat slow,
For cash is not so plenty
And wants not few, you know;
But I must have my paper,
Cost what it may to me;
I'd rather dock my sugar
Or do without my tea.
So printer, don't you stop it,
Unless you want my frown,
For here's the year's subscription
And credit it right down;
And send the paper promptly
And regularly on,
And let it bring us monthly
Its welcome benison.

The Prince Consort's View of Death.

It was characteristic of the Prince Consort that he contemplated the prospect of death with an equanimity by no means common in men of his years. This was owing to no indifference or distaste for life. He enjoyed it, and was happy and cheerful in his work, in his family circle, in loving thoughtfulness for others, and in the sweet returns of affection which this brought back to himself. But he had none of the strong yearning for life and fullness of years which is felt by those who shrink from looking beyond "the warm precincts of the genial day" into a strange and uncertain future. He had no wish to die, but he did not care for living. Not long before his fatal illness, in speaking to the queen, he said, "I do not cling to life. You do; but I set no store by it. If I knew that those I loved were well cared for, I should be quite ready to die to-morrow." In the same conversation he added: "I am sure, if I had a severe illness, I should give up at once; I should not struggle for life. I have no tenacity of life." This was said without a trace of sadness; he was content to stay, if such were heaven's will; he was equally ready to go hence, should that will be otherwise. Death, in his view, was but the portal to a further life, in which he might hope for a continuance, under happier conditions, of all that was best in himself and in those he loved, unclouded by the weaknesses and unsoundings of the failures, the misunderstandings, the sinfulness and the sorrows of earthly existence. "This spirit," the queen writes in a memorandum in 1862, "this beautiful, cheerful spirit it was which made him always happy, always contented, though he felt so deeply and so acutely when others did wrong, and when people did not do their duty; it was this power he had of taking interest in everything, which prompted those blessed feelings about eternity. He was ready to live, ready to die, 'not because I wish to be happier,' as he often remarked, but because he was quite ready to go. He did not do what was right for the sake of a reward hereafter, but, as he always said, 'because it was right.'—From Martin's 'Life'."

Mosaics.

In the Vatican, hard by St. Peter's, there is a studio for the making of mosaics. You enter there, and find the artist with a travertine slab before him, in which spaces are hollowed out and filled with cement, and in this cement he is sticking bits of stone and glass, of all shapes and colors and sizes, some an inch square, and some no larger than a pin's point. It is dirty work. It looks rough and unpromising, and when he tells you that twelve, or perhaps twenty years will elapse before it is finished, you see in it no beauty whatever to repay such outlay of time and toil. But you pass into St. Peter's, and under its matchless dome, and lift your eyes to see there the designs of Michael Angelo, wrought in mosaic, and your very soul is ravished with their beauty. This world is God's studio, and you and I are but bits of enameled glass with which he is working, some larger, some smaller, yet all small before Him, and set by his master-hand in the rude mixture of human society where it pleases Him. There seems but little beauty or promise in the work, but when the ages shall have rolled, and the odd bits and misshapen fragments, separately shaped and polished, shall have been lifted and set in the dome of his matchless temple, the completed picture shall thrill even the divine heart with its beauty. We shall know, then, why some of us had a small and some a larger place in life; why some were handled with this experience, and some with that. We shall know, then, that which we know not now. Till then let us wait. Let us suffer and be steadfast to the end. We believe in God, therefore let not our hearts be troubled. Though he slay us, we will trust Him. Though we know not what he does, or why, we will believe in his wisdom, believe in his goodness, believe in his love.—Rev. Dr. Hough.

The Parson's Dream.

"The pastor in one of the up-town churches in New York," says the *Working Church*, "relates the following singular dream: 'Some time ago, I dreamed that I was hitched to a carriage, attempting to draw it through the mud which covered the street in front of my house. How or why I had been assigned to that position I could not explain, but there I was, pulling with all my might, as though I had been the best carriage-horse in the town. I had reached a point not far from the church, when the mud seemed to get deeper and deeper and the carriage to draw so heavily that I gasped for breath and almost sank down exhausted. This seemed the more inexplicable, when, looking back, I beheld the entire congregation behind the carriage, apparently pushing it along. But the more I tried, the harder it became, till finally I was forced to stop and examine the difficulty. I went to the rear where I supposed was the congregation, but nobody could be found. I called, but no answer. I repeated the call several times, but still no reply. By and by a voice called out 'Hallo!' and looking up, whom should I see but one of the deacons looking complacently out of the window, and upon going to the door of the carriage, what was my astonishment to behold the congregation quietly sitting inside.' There are many churches who are far from thinking that it is their place to push. Their 'calling and election' is to quite a different sphere. In fine, by nature and by grace, they will assure you, are they eminently fitted to ride. If you reason with these people, they will tell you that you greatly mistake when you expect them to do the pastor's work. Is he not expected to take the burden of the church upon his own shoulders and bear it along? Why, bless you, sir! that's what we have him for!"

"Mr. Henry."

As an illustration of how the simple are used by politicians, the following anecdote is interesting: At a political meeting, the speakers and audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. Whenever a new speaker came on the stand, this man bawled out, "Mr. Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!" After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, when the same man as before was heard bawling out at the top of his voice, "Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!" The chairman arose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking.

Novel Reading.

It is ascertained that in New York city, during the last year, the whole number of volumes issued to readers from the Mercantile Library was 177,936. Of these, 108,874 volumes were novels! Now, when it is remembered that probably far the largest proportion of these readers are comparatively young persons, may it not be feared that by this kind of reading, correspondingly light and fictitious, or unreal and false ideas of life and of human responsibility, of virtue and of truth, of religion and all noble principles, are early given? and that the legitimate fruits are seen in the easy morality, the fraudulent business courses, and the flagrant crimes that are alarmingly multiplying every year? All this, too, is more and more seen in what have been deemed the cultured classes. May not the starting steps for these fearful things be often found in the reading which the young man or woman has? If so, what a call there is to beware!—United Presbyterian.

"That was a good sermon, was it not, that we had last Sunday?" "True for you, your honor, an illigant one! It done me a power of good intirely." "I am glad of that. Can you tell me what particularly struck you? What was it about?" "Oh, well," scratching his head, "I don't rightly—not exactly know, I—I—where's the use in telling lies? Shure I don't remember one single 'divinal word of it, good or bad. Sorra a bit of me knows what it was about at all.'" "And yet you say it did you a power of good?" "So it did, sir, I'll stick to that." "I can't see how." "Well now yer honor, look here. There's my shirt that my wife is after washing; and clean and white it is, by reason of all the water and the soap and the starch that's gone through it. But not a drop of 'em all—water, or soap, or starch has stayed in, d'ye see. And that's just the same way with me yer honor, an' it's dried out of me; but all the same, just like my Sunday shirt, I'm the better and the cleaner after it."—Chamber's Journal.

Lord Dudley was one of the most absent minded of men. One day, says Sydney Smith, he met me in the street and invited me to dine with myself. "Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you." I admitted the temptation held out to me, but he was engaged to meet me elsewhere. Another time, in meeting me he put his arm through mine, muttering: "I don't mind walking with him a little ways; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street." He very nearly upset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was sitting immediately under me, apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and tapping the ground with it, cried out in a low, but very audible whisper: "Hear! hear!"

The Pulse.

Many erroneous impressions prevail about the pulse as indicative of health or disease, a common notion being that its beatings are much more regular and uniform than they really are. Frequency varies with age. In the new-born infant the beatings are from 130 to 140 to the minute; in the second year from 100 to 115; from the seventh to the fourteenth year, from 80 to 90; from the fourteenth to the twenty-first year, from 75 to 85; from the twenty-first to the sixtieth year, from 70 to 75. After that period the pulse is generally thought to decline, but medical authorities differ radically on this point, having expressed the most contradictory opinions. Young persons are often found whose pulses are below 60, and there have been many instances of pulses habitually reaching 100, or not exceeding 40, without apparent disease. Sex, especially in adults, influences the pulse, which in women is from 100 to 114 beats to the minute, more rapid than in men of the same age. Muscular exertion, even position, materially effects the pulse. Its average frequency in healthy men of 27 is, when standing, 81; when sitting, 71; when lying, 66, per minute; in women of the same age, in the same positions, 91, 84, and 79. In sleep the pulse is in general considerably slower than during wakefulness. In certain diseases, such as acute dropsy of the brain, for example, there may be 150, even 200, beats; in other kinds of disease, such as apoplexy and some organic affections of the heart, there may be no more than 20 to 30 to the minute. Thus, one of the commonest diagnostic signs is liable to deceive the most experienced practitioners.

A little more than a year ago (May 10, 1879) a large meteor fell in Emmett Co., Iowa. The largest piece, weighing about 470 pounds, has been purchased for the British Museum; another, weighing about 170 pounds, is in the museum of the State University at Minneapolis; and a third, weighing about ninety-five pounds, with a number of minor fragments, amounting to some fifty pounds or more, is in private hands. At the time of the fall some boys were herding cattle near a small lake, some five or six miles southwesterly from the place where the larger masses fell, and reported that just after the fire-ball passed over their heads they saw and heard what seemed like a shower of hailstones falling upon the water. Within a few weeks persons have been picking up pieces of the meteor, from the size of a pea to that of an egg, all along the track some half a mile wide and seven or eight miles long. In all more than a thousand of these little pieces are reported, weighing in all from seventy-five to one hundred pounds. What is singular is that most of these small pieces are metallic, with a much smaller proportion of stony matter than the larger masses, though a few of them are similar in composition. They are for the most part black, well crusted, and apparently perfectly formed and independent meteorites; not mere fragments of a larger piece, broken up by explosion. As the course of the meteor was from northwest to southeast, this shower of attendant particles must have been following the larger mass, a little to one side, much as the shooting-star showers pursue the comets to which they are related.

The following are the average wages paid in Western Washington Territory, and the difference between the eastern and western sections is nearly nominal: Farm hands, from \$25 to \$30 per month, and board; do., during harvest, from \$1.50 to \$2 per day, board themselves; house carpenters, from \$3.25 to \$4 per day, board themselves; brick and stone masons and plasterers, \$4 per day, board themselves; ship carpenters, from \$2.25 to \$5 per day and board; mill hands (common) from \$30 to \$35 per month, and board; do., (engineers, firemen, markers, sawyers, etc.) from \$40 to \$100 and board; loggers (common hands) from \$35 to \$40 per month and board; do., (choppers and teamsters) \$60 to \$80 per month, and board; Chinese cooks and waiters, \$15 to \$60 per month, and board; steamboat engineers, \$50 to \$125 per month; firemen \$40; deck hands, \$35 to \$30; sailors, (coastwise) \$30 to \$35 per month; do., (long voyages) \$25; store clerks, \$40 to \$90 per month and board themselves; newspaper hands, \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day without board; school teachers \$30 to \$100 per month and board themselves.—North Pacific Coast.

We have had some political complications of late, during which time no man dare venture to predict, but a correspondent recalls perplexities of old in the following Tallyrand jokes: When the political situation was decidedly complicated, a diplomatist asked Tallyrand one night what was his opinion as to the course of events. "My opinion?" said Tallyrand, blandly; "well, I have one opinion in the morning, and another in the afternoon, but I never have an opinion at night." The response was somewhat in the vein of assurance to the banker, who, at the time the Bourse was agitated with conflicting rumors as to the death of George III, went to the Minister of Foreign Affairs to pump him. "All I can tell you now," replied Tallyrand to his indiscreet questioner, "is this: some say he is dead, some say he isn't; but, for my part, I put no faith in either. This is in confidence, mind. You will be careful not to compromise me in any manner."

THE HOME.—A dark house is always unhealthy, always an ill-aired house. Want of light stops growth and promotes scrofula, rickets, etc., among the children. People lose their health in a dark house, and if they get ill they cannot get well again in it.

Heaven will pay for any loss we may suffer to gain it; but nothing can pay for the loss of heaven.—R. Baxter.

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News Summary.

Pacific Coast.

The police made 1,614 arrests in June. Of these, 747 were for drunkenness.

The stockholders of the Fireman's Fund Insurance Company have voted to increase the capital from \$300,000 to \$750,000.

One hundred and ninety-four marriage licenses were issued by the County Clerk last month, yielding a revenue of \$194 to the city treasury.

Some of our dailies give us the new Charter, but on such paper and such type that a person who has any regard for eyesight will hardly read it. Many of us can rightly charge ruined eyes to the proprietors of badly printed newspapers.

The different factions of the Workingmen's party had a wild time at the Sunday last Sabbath, and Kearney had to retreat, and shut up. The whole thing ought to be shut up. Those Sunday sand-lot meetings have long been a disgrace to the city.

The *Bulletin* says: According to the school census, which differs altogether from that of the General Government, the total number of children in this city is 84,206. But in 1879 the number was given at 88,104. We have here an apparent falling off of nearly 4,000 children in one year. An explanation may be found in fact that a National Census is being taken this year. There will have to be some sort of agreement between the two enumerations. It will not do to have one estimate higher than the other. As a consequence, a large number of innocents have to be taken out and disposed of without further delay. It has to be borne in mind that the State School money is distributed per head of pupils. The county that has a large number of children gets a large portion of the School Fund. Children on paper can be made to pay. If they do not draw rations like the late Louis Napoleon's phantasmal army, they help to pay school teachers and buy books.

The *Real Estate Circular*, published by Thomas Magee, says:

The total sales of the last half of 1879 were 1,096 of the value of \$5,580,540, while 1,238 sales were made in the first six months of this year, of the value of \$7,365,530.—More new buildings are now either under construction or will soon be at any time for four years. The activity is mostly confined to business locations on the lower portion of Market street, and in the Western Addition close to the cable lines. We judge that at least \$1,500,000 will be spent in the erection of new buildings and dwellings within the next five months.—During the last half of 1879, \$4,612,676 were loaned on all city real estate by saving banks and private individuals, while releases amounting to \$4,900,457 were recorded.—During the last six months a total of only \$3,453,551 was let on city real estate, while releases of the aggregate value of \$5,940,402 were entered.—The prevailing rate of interest has been eight per cent, the banks paying the mortgage tax, which will amount to probably \$2.05, if not \$2.15.

STATE AND COAST.

San Jose has a beautiful chime of bells.

The town of Santa Clara has a population of 2,402.

Dr. Glenn has something over 47,000 acres of wheat to cut this season, and this will be the biggest crop he ever had.

The brick work on the Normal School building will be commenced next week. 25 men are now employed on the building.

It is claimed that portions of Arizona can produce earlier peaches than the Vacaville and Marysville regions of this State, and orchards are being planted.

The Bodie Railroad, building from Carson, is experiencing much difficulty in getting Chinamen at reasonable wages, the supply not equalling the demand.

The contract for grading and putting down the rails for a distance of sixty miles west from Albuquerque, on the 35th route, has been made and the work progressing rapidly.

MARYSVILLE, Cal., July 2.—The census figures show the population of Marysville to be 4,340, including 1,030 Chinese. Marysville township, just outside the city limits, has 689 population.

At Monterey, last Sabbath, B. F. Hastings of the First Reg't. N. G. C. attempted to open a 25-pound can of powder with a hatchet, instead of proceeding in the usual careful way, when the powder exploded, killing W. C. Burke of the Second Regiment, and very seriously, if not fatally wounding Mr. Hastings. Mr. H. cried out very truly, but too late, "My God! this all my carelessness."

The following is the population of Alameda county by cities and townships, as unofficially stated by an Oakland paper: Oakland, 35,000; Alameda, 5,094; Brooklyn, 3,100; Murray, 3,050; Washington, 3,002; Edea, 3,662; Temescal, 2,548; Berkeley, 2,023. Total, 58,990. The population of Oakland in 1870 was 10,500, and of the county but 24,237. The census this year will show an increase in the city of 24,000 and in the county, of over 32,000.

The Southern Pacific railroad was completed to a point six miles east of Benson, Arizona, and 1,031 miles south-east of San Francisco. A. N. Towne, General Superintendent of the Central Pacific, hears that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad is pushing forward down the Rio Grande Valley. The gap between the two roads is about 300 miles. The connecting point will be somewhere in New Mexico west of the Rio Grande.

The labors of the Central Railroad converted employees at Rochester, N. Y., among their fellow-workmen has resulted in a remarkable religious interest that has been in progress for several weeks.

Sabbath-School Lesson.

PREPARED BY REV. M. WILLETT.

Lesson for Sunday, July 18, 1880—Gen. iv: 3-15.

Cain and Abel.

In the first joy of her motherhood Eve seems to have imagined that the promised deliverer had already come, and so she called her first-born Cain—the gotten or possession—with reference to the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. She calls her second-born Abel—the perishable—as though, with fearful, motherly presentiment, she foresaw his doom. Their paths were, seemingly, together, with something of the freshness of Eden upon them, until we come to the

OFFERINGS.

Abel brought the firstlings of his flock; Cain of the fruit of the ground. Why did the Lord have respect unto Abel and his offering, and not unto Cain? We have in the eleventh of Hebrews the best explanation. There we read, "By faith, Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain, by which he obtained witness that he was righteous; God bearing witness to his gifts." Now, faith has always respect to a testimony borne by God, or a command enjoined by him. For instance, had not God commanded Noah to prepare the ark, there would have been no faith manifested by him in the building of the ark. To so act without express warrant from Jehovah would have been presumption. Thus, the language of the New Testament writer seems to justify the inference that, in some way or other, God had made known to the family of Adam that he was to be approached through sacrifice. The usage of sacrifice—the idea that the life-blood of an animal would be an acceptable offering to God—could hardly have arisen spontaneously to the minds of men as a means of securing the favor of God. If the foregoing argument or statement be true, then Cain, in coming with an unbloody offering, refused to obey, and, for reasons that seemed sufficient to himself, preferred his own way to God's way—standing out as the first rationalist. In this act, he is a type of those who refuse to acknowledge themselves as sinners, and will not accept of Christ as a propitiation for their sins. If the foregoing statement is not true, then we are forced to conclude that the difference between the two men lay in the spirit with which the offerings were brought. Cain was very wrath at his rejection of himself. His countenance fell. He became surly and morose in his expression of countenance.

THE WARNING DISREGARDED.

The force of Jehovah's appeal to Cain is partially lost in our translation. Because the pronoun "his" is used in the last phrase, "Unto thee shall be his desire, and thou shalt rule over him," it has been supposed to refer somehow to Abel. Whereas, "his," here, is equivalent to "its," and the reference is not to Abel, but to sin. "If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth [literally, croucheth, like a ravenous beast of prey] at the door. And unto thee shall be its desire [sin's desire; sin personified], and thou shalt rule over it." Here was the plain declaration that God was no respecter of persons. Here was God pressing his grace upon this poor, soured spirit, tenderly soliciting him to do well; to come in the way appointed in order that he may be accepted. Here, too, was danger pointed out, and Cain exhorted to throttle the hate that, like a beast of prey, was crouching for its deadly spring upon himself. The warning was disregarded, and Cain rose up in the field and slew his brother. Hate had become murder.

THE PUNISHMENT.

The blood of Abel cried unto God from the ground. Thus the idea of retribution is set forth. So Eschylus sings: "For blood must blood be shed. A law by age Thrice holy, on the murderer's guilty head This righteous doom demands."

When God came to make inquisition, Cain added falsehood to his murder, and, in his sullen reply, "Am I my brother's keeper?" unconsciously betrayed the selfishness of his life. He disavowed all responsibility for others. We have a great deal of the same spirit in these times. In the presence of the misery, ignorance and irreligiosity of the multitudes, there is a disposition in many, even of those who profess to be followers of Christ, to cast off all sense of duty in the matter. Is not this going in the way of Cain? What solemn words are these in this old, searching Book: "If thou forbearest to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we know it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? And he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? And shall not he render to every man according to his deeds?"

A curse was pronounced upon Cain from the ground. As he had constrained the earth to receive his brother's blood, the ground, in way of retribution, should yield no strength to him. When Cain says, "Behold, thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth," he means by "the earth," the open, inhabited district about Eden. In the expression, "Every one that findeth me shall slay me," some have found occasion for cavil. If the narrative excludes any other historic race than that derived from Adam, how comes it that Cain should expect enemies in remote parts?

The account does not teach us that Adam knew of his own sinfulness. We have no reason to attribute any such knowledge to Cain. So far as they knew, the vast waste might have other inhabitants. Cain's awful guilt gave great power to his imagination, and he peopled the world with avengers. He felt his punishment to be greater than he could bear. "From thy face shall I be hid."

This was but the other side of the truth that he would fain hide from the face of God. It would seem that he cared more for the punishment than for the guilt. His was the sorrow of the world that worketh death. His despair, which sprang from a stubborn impudence, would fain find excuse in the pretense that he was not allowed to seek the presence of Jehovah through prayer and sacrifice. Whereas, the fact that the Lord was willing to put a mark upon him to quiet the fears he entertained for his fellows, would seem to indicate that the Lord was willing, if only the right spirit were in him, to quiet the fears that sprang from his relation to law violated and a holy God disobeyed.

LESSONS.

1. *It is in vain to attempt to approach God otherwise than in the appointed way.*—We have in the gospel the astonishing spectacle of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself; not imputing to men their trespasses, and sending forth his ambassadors to entreat us, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled to God. We are high-handed in our self-will if we attempt to climb into his fold, over barriers mountain high, when Christ, the door, is the only way.

2. *Every sprang from wounded vanity; hate from envy; murder from hate.*—Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer.

3. *What folly is it in man to despise warnings.*—Yet when, by preacher and friend, Sabbath-school teacher and relative, book and Bible, men are warned of the dangers of this and that, how many scoff and disregard, to their own peril.

4. *When we repudiate all responsibility for our fellows, we are in bad company.*—It was Cain who asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

5. *The fire of conscience, in the saddest and profoundest sense, is the true hell-fire.*—Cain was alone. "Whither shall I fly? Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell."

Welcome Letter.

BOSTON, June 28, 1880.

DEAR SIR: To redeem a promise, although a little late in the day, is doubtless a good thing to do, and is the cause of this present memorandum. Last days, and hours, and moments, are often filled with sadness, burdened with sighs, overflowing with griefful partings; but not so should it be, neither was it with the few last days that were mine in sunny California. No, notwithstanding predictions of disaster, Cannibalism, missionary stew, and fever and ague, that were most plentifully administered from some quarters, yet the sun shone, the birds sang, the joy of the earth spake to the praise of Him whose is the world and they that dwell therein. To me those days so quickly passing, so kindly, brought much of joy, many things of gladness. From one hand a clasp of friendship enforced by a golden eagle; another said, "remember me." A few of them spoke in the languages of regard and the gold of California. My Sabbath-school said, "Take this; we will not forget you."

A timekeeper found a place in my pocket, saying, "hasten, redeeming the time because the days are evil," never silent, always busy, "Watch therefore for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come." Between my fingers yet another placed the pen of the ready writer saying, "let us hear from Africa."

My friends, I thank you both one and all. Thank you for gifts and remembrances and mementoes, but more for sympathy and kind words, for your interest and prayers.

Ever shall I look with loving thought and deep interest upon my home by the Pacific, upon our Seminary and my residence there and connection with it. Ever will the thought bring help and encouragement, it may be amidst arduous work and difficulties. California is looking on our work. California expects every man to do his duty. California is praying for us.

Of my journey eastward need only be said: It was accomplished in safety and comfort, and my reception in Boston at the headquarters of our well beloved Congregational churches was cordial in its kindness, and thorough in its heartiness.

The Lord be with you, a servant in the Master's service, and your servant also. W. W. BAGSTER.

STRAWBERRY CUSTARD.—Make a nice boiled custard of a quart of milk and the yolks of five eggs properly sweetened. Boil till it thickens to the right consistency, take it off the fire, and put in the flavoring. Take a gill of sugar and a pint of ripe strawberries; crush them together and pass them through a fine strainer. Take the whites of four eggs, and while beating to a stiff froth add a gill of sugar, a little at a time. Then to the sugar and egg add the sweetened strawberry juice, beat all the while to keep it stiff. This makes a beautiful pink froth, which is to be placed on top of the custard.

Music, sculpture, p. etry, painting—these are glorious works; but the soul that creates them is more glorious than they. The music shall die on the passing wind, the poem may be lost in the confusion of tongues, the marble will crumble, and the canvas will fade, while the soul shall be a quenchless and strong, filled with a nobler melody, kindling with loftier themes, projecting images of unearthly beauty, and drinking from springs of imperishable life.

Last month Mrs. Joseph Bushnell died from the effect of kissing the dead body of her father ten days before, while attending his funeral in Pittsburgh. Her father died of erysipelas, and at the time mentioned she had a sore on her lips, through which her blood was poisoned. Her little daughter Ella is not expected to live, from kissing her mother.

(Concluded from Fifth Page.)

stances in the case of the church and of the individuals are to be taken into the account. More than many other denominations, our churches need a double portion of wisdom, since we have no book of discipline to guide us in difficult cases.

Some good people have an almost superstitious devotion to one church, and leave their names there for years, while they are far away, working perhaps for other churches. I cannot think it a cause for church discipline, but it is a matter for regret.

Where indifference or, worse still, disaffection has wrought estrangement, all the discretion, wisdom and love of the church, that is of the living members, will be called for. Sometimes it is a case of what I might call suspended animation, and an exercise of affectionate care will by and by restore such a one. We should wait upon the Lord, in whose hands alone are the issues of life; and we should seek to do, with love and patience, all that lies within our power to remove the difficulty. It has happened that a church has robbed herself of her children, not only by neglect, but by undue haste in cutting them off. So long as there are signs of spiritual life or any hope of restoring the bond of unity with us, we should cheerfully let patience have her perfect work.

A disaffected member is a constant source of anxiety and confusion, in proportion to his position and influence and the extent of his disaffection.

Sufficient time should be taken to test its permanency. The care of the church is exercised over individuals, and she aims to be a helpful influence in the building up of Christian character. Her own purity lies in her loyalty to Christ more surely than in her zeal to cast out all that offend.

I think there is very rarely any profit in public excommunications to either party. Persons of their own free will profess to come into our membership; if through lack of spiritual vitality on their part or ours there is no union effected, let us share with them the blame of the mistake, and let them go out quietly.

The Master's tolerance of Judas must ever stand as a hint that however bitter or deep the disaffection is, and however disastrous the results of tolerance at first may seem, the end will prove that each soul only goes to its own. Christ will come again and meet with those who have borne and been faithful, and they will be the better able to testify to the power of His salvation.

Some of our absentees will be found to have already joined another church. Is it not better to quietly drop their names, with some slight message of hope and good will accompanying the announcement, than to do anything that would wound the feelings of his friends. Some who go out from us do become, so far as we can judge, living stones in the temple of our God.

In all the work of the church it must needs be that the pastor will bear a large share of the responsibility. He is a member, and the spokesman for the church. He more than any other one member must be moved by the ideas that bind the church together. There must be unity of feeling, for if some cry one thing and some another, the most part will not know where they are come together. There was good sense in St. Paul's advice: "Let him that heareth communicate to him that teacheth in all good things;" not with a disposition to usurp authority, but that the best results of experience and thought may be brought together.

Our very lack of machinery makes it imperative that each member do his work as unto the Lord, and so help keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Having but one Master there is more urgent need that we heed his instructions and keep the sweet secret of his Spirit's presence in our hearts; so shall the outcome of our lives be in his likeness, and our churches become centers of spiritual life and influence. S. C. H.

Salem, June 14th, 1880.

PRICES CURRENT.

Silver, \$1.14 1/2 per oz., 1000 fine. Bar silver, 925 fine, 52 1/2 d per oz. New York eight drafts, 100% to 100 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

Flour—Best brands of City Extra, \$5.62 1/2; Super, \$3.50 to 4.00; Bakers' and Family Extra, \$5.40 to 5.55; Interior Superfine, \$3.50 to 4.00; Oregon brands, extra, \$4.50 to 5.00; Walla Walla extra, \$4.30 to 5.12 1/2.

Wheat—No. 1, \$1.52 1/2 to 1.57 1/2 per ctt.; No. 2, \$1.45 to 1.50.

Barley—Feed, 65 to 70c; Chevalier, \$1.20 to 1.30; for choice bay, brewing, 77 1/2 to 85c per ctt.

Rye—Coast, \$0.75 to \$1.12 1/2 per ctt. Corn—Large yellow, \$1.19 to 1.15.

Oats—Coast, \$1.00 to 1.25; Surprise, \$1.55 to 1.60; Wash. Ter. oats, \$1.20 to \$1.45.

Feed—Bran, \$13.00; ground barley \$17.50; middlings, \$16.00; oil cake, \$30 per ton.

Hops—35 to 40c per lb.

Potatoes—50 to 60c per ctt in sacks.

Onions—New, 60 to 65c per ctt.

Fruit—California Oranges, \$4.25 to 4.75 per box; Lemons, \$9.00 to 10.00 per box for Sicily; Pineapples, \$7 to 9.00 per dozen; Strawberries, choice, \$7.00 to 9.00 per chest; Cherries, choice, 6 to 8 per lb; Apples, 75 to 85c per box; Pears, \$1 per box; Blackberries, 35 to 50c per drawer; Raspberries, \$4.50 to 6.00 per chest; Peaches, \$1.00 to 1.50 per box; Currants, \$5.00 to 6.00 per chest.

Vegetables—Cabbage, 50c per ctt.; Cauliflower, \$0.25 to 0.30 per doz.; Turnips, 50c per ctt.; Green Peas, 2 1/2 to 3c per lb.; Asparagus, \$1 to 1.25 per box; Rhubarb 25 to 35c per box; Summer Squash 75c to \$1.00 per box; Green Corn, 15 to 20c per doz for Vacaville.

Hay—\$6.00 to 12.00 for all grades. Straw, 40 to 50c per bale.

Wool—Southern 22 to 24 cts per lb for free; choice northern, 27 to 32c.

Butter—Good to choice, 20 to 22 1/2c; inferior, 17 to 19c per lb.

Cheese—Cal. cheese, 9 to 10c for choice.

Eggs—Fresh laid, 19 to 21c per doz.

Breys—First quality, 6 to 6 1/2c; inferior, 4c per lb.

Publishers' Department.

Entered at the Postoffice at San Francisco as second-class matter.

An oriental traveller describes this busy scene, witnessed on historic shores: "Our steamer landed on a beach which was the port of Antioch, where the disciples were first called Christians. There was no town at the water's edge, no people, no wharf. The passengers and the merchandise were put ashore in lighters, which ran up into the sand. A troop of camels, with their drivers, lay on the beach, ready to transfer the goods into the interior. Among the articles landed were boxes marked 'Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.', showing that they contained medicines and whence they came. These with other goods were hoisted on the backs of camels, for transportation to Antioch. Thus the skill of the West sends back its remedies to heal the maladies of populations that inhabit those Eastern shores, whence our spiritual manna came."—Windsor (Vt.) Chronicle

Catarrh Cure.

"Dobyn's Sure Cure" for Catarrh, patented in February, 1879, having been received with unparalleled favor in the East, now being introduced on this Coast, and is receiving favorable opinions from all who have tested its virtues. It cures Catarrh, Neuralgia, and Nervous Headaches, Deafness and Dimness of Sight. Contains nothing hurtful or habit-forming; is a saline snuff, and is ready for use without instrument or expense.

TESTIMONIALS.—Those who testify to its merits are many, but we can only refer to a few: Elder Benj. Franklin, Cincinnati, Ohio; Hon. W. K. Pendleton, President Bethany College, and State Superintendent of Public Institutions, West Virginia; Rev. Geo. Mullis, Post Chaplain, U. S. A., Fort Davis; Hon. F. Hayes, Judge of Supreme Court, Frankfort, Ky.; Howard Henderson, D. D., Pastor St. Paul's Methodist Church, San Francisco, Cal.; N. Sanford, Smartville, Cal.; Rev. T. H. Anderson, Sacramento, Cal.; Thos. H. Irvine, Sen., Butte County, Montana; Isaac Newland, Goldendale, Washington Territory; C. Alexander, Patent Solicitor, Washington, D. C.

Proprietors refer to Jno. S. Williams, U. S. Senator, Washington City; C. Alexander, Cashier of Northern Bank, Paris, Ky.; Dr. W. H. Hopson, Lexington, Ky.; Rev. W. H. Milburn, L. L. D., Jacksonville, Ill.; J. P. Brushear, Commissioner of Lands, Arkansas.

CURE GUARANTEED.—If regularly used as directed, relief is guaranteed in every case, and absolute cure where the patient is free from constitutional ailments. If you doubt, address the parties referred to, and be convinced. And their cases are not exceptional, but are the exponents of the universal value of this remarkable remedy. Send for it, use as directed, and if not satisfied, address the Proprietors, or the Agency, and your money will be refunded.

TERMS, AND HOW TO ORDER.—We express or mail the "Cure" for one dollar per box—a month's supply—sufficient to heal in most cases. Send by Registered Letter or Postal Order. Address, DOBYNS & MITCHELL'S Pacific Coast Agency, P. O. Box 1217, San Francisco, Cal. Circulars giving full information sent on application. Price lists furnished the trade. Sample boxes 25 cents and 50 cents.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—In purchasing canned goods, pickles, jellies and preserves, it is wise to bear in mind that the manufactures of C. James King of Wm. & Co. are the best and the cleanest. An inspection of their premises, corner Broadway and Sansome Sts., convinces one of this at first sight; and the fact that only white labor (girls and women) is employed, is known as extensively as the fact that they are the only establishment on this continent that has ever been awarded a gold medal for hermetically sealed goods.

How to Get a Watch.

To any one who will send me the names and P. O. address of four new subscribers to the "ILLUSTRATED CHRISTIAN WEEKLY," at \$2.50 a year and ten dollars, I will send by "registered" mail, a Stem-Winding Watch, a marvel of simplicity and accuracy and a reliable time-keeper, suitable for men in any profession or department of labor. I can recommend it highly from personal trial as well as the testimony of others. It is not a toy, but a real watch. The face is covered with solid cut crystal, showing the movement without opening the case. Sample copies of the paper furnished on application to

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TRAVEL.

Pacific Grove special round trip tickets (good to Sept. 30th) can be obtained at any of the stations on the lines of the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific and California Pacific railroads at reduced rates; 100 pounds of baggage allowed on each full ticket and 50 pounds allowed on each half ticket. Baggage will be checked and canvas tents way-billed through to Monterey from all stations on the line of the Central Pacific (via San Jose) and the Southern Pacific railroads. From stations on the California Pacific railroad (via San Francisco) baggage will be checked and tents way-billed to San Francisco. Tickets and must be re-checked over the Southern Pacific railroad to Monterey. In addition to checking 100 pounds of baggage on each full ticket and way-billing canvas tents free of charge, the Southern Pacific Company will also allow free of charge, "camp equipment," consisting of tent-poles, table, portable stove, stool, chairs, cooking utensils, bedstead and bedding, etc. Provisions of any kind do not come under this plan, and will not be received in baggage cars. All baggage on the Central and California Pacific railroad should be sent as freight.

Four steamers each week of the Pacific Coast Steamship line will leave Broadway Wharf, San Francisco, for Monterey. For times of departure see daily papers.

PARTICULAR ATTENTION

Is called to the First Annual meeting of the California Branch of the Chautauque Literary and Scientific Circle, which opens at Pacific Grove on the evening of the fourth of July, continuing two weeks. The most eminent scholars, scientists and divines of the Pacific Coast will assist in the work of the association. What a delightful opportunity this will be for real enjoyment! Every one who can ought to avail themselves of it. Religious services and Sunday-school will be held as indicated on the Bulletin board at the Grove.

RESTAURANT.

The restaurant is under the Management of Messrs. Scammon & Kinkaid, who have the ability to cater to the tastes of the most fastidious. Charges for board as follows: Per week, \$6.50; per day (three meals tickets), \$1.25; single meal, 50 cents; ministers with their families will be charged two-thirds of the usual rates; children from one to twelve two-thirds according to age. There will be private rooms for the accommodation of families or persons desiring privacy; prices will be furnished on application at the Restaurant.

Furnished rooms by the day or week and furnished tents by the week or longer time.

For circulars or further information, apply to the MANAGER, at Pacific Grove, Monterey, Cal.

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